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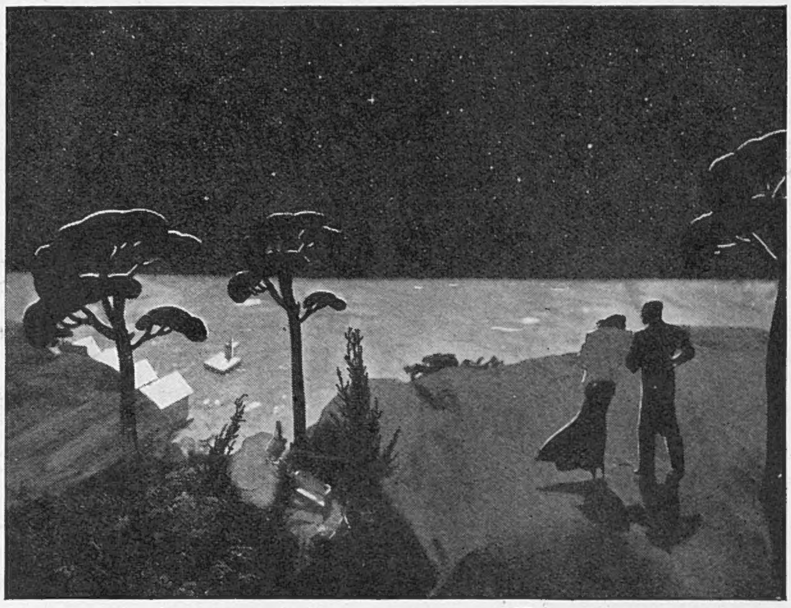

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The Sketch

No. 2157.—Vol. CLXVI. WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1934. ONE SHILLING.

MISS JEAN BATTEN, the twenty-four-year-old New Zealand airwoman, landed at Port Darwin at 6.30 a.m. (B.S.T.) on May 23 after having flown there from Lympne in 14 days, 23 hours, 25 minutes. Mrs. Amy Mollison, the only other woman to fly to Australia alone, took 19½ days. This is Miss Batten's third attempt to do the flight, which she carried out in a five-year-old machine. She was born six weeks after Blériot flew the Channel, and her mother cut pictures of his machine out of the papers and stuck them up; so one of the first things the child saw was a photograph of an aeroplane. She is a good pianist, and when she came to England three years ago, her father (who is a dental surgeon in Auckland, New Zealand) hoped that it was chiefly to study at the Royal College of Music.

JEAN BATTEN—OF THE DOWN UNDER BY AIR RECORD.

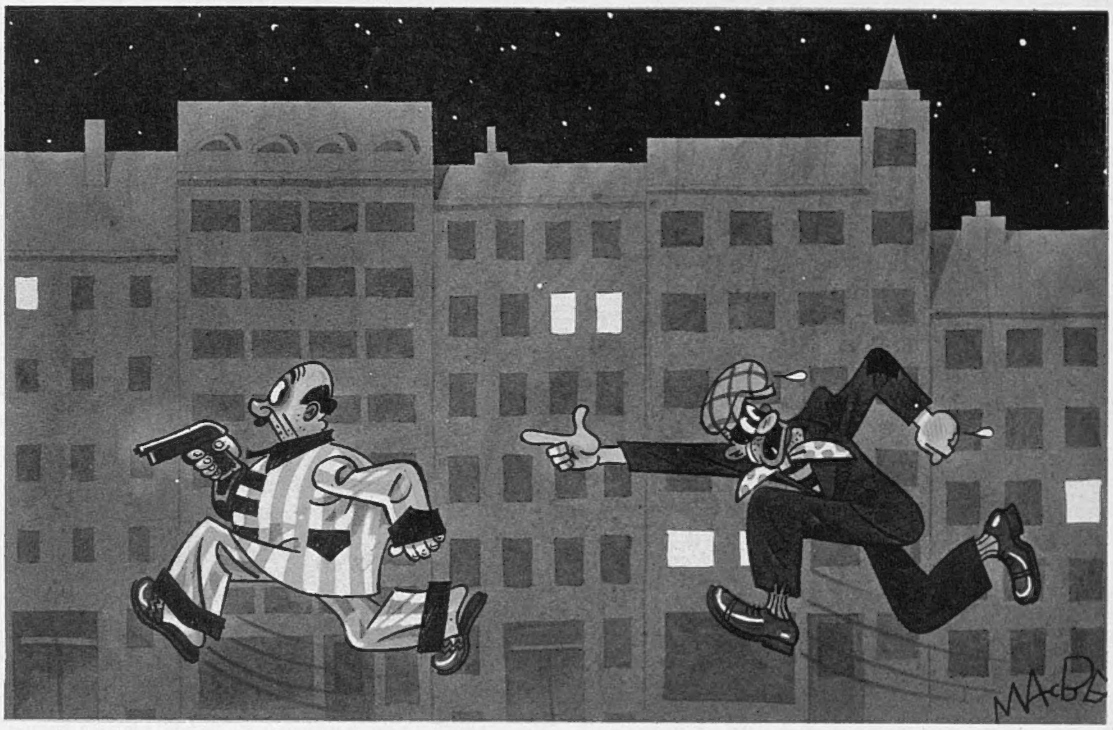
MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

SWANK.

"To use a vulgarism," said a police magistrate the other day, "I think you have been 'swanking' too much for your age." It is the first time I knew that police magistrates used vulgarisms, and the knowledge pains me, though I think I will overlook it this time and treat the learned magistrate as a first offender. It is also news to me that swanking is an offence known to the law; but I think it certainly ought to be so, and I wish that all swankers were, as in this case, bound over by beaks (to use a vulgarism) to keep the peace. They are great disturbers not only of the King's Peace, but of everybody else's.

What is swank? My dictionary merely describes the word as "slang," which, curiously enough, I suspected already; and it gives the meaning as "bluff, bounce, brag." Not having the tomes (very well, *ponderous* tomes, if you insist—I suppose no tome can be anything but ponderous)—not having the ponderous tomes of the New English Dictionary by me, I do not know the derivation of the word, but I venture to guess that it may come from the German *Schwank*, which means, I believe, a kind of joke, and a rather boisterous sort of joke at that. There *is* an element of joke about swank, but the joke is on the swanker, for when he fancies that he is most important and impressive, he is most ridiculous. For he seldom succeeds; if "bluff, bounce, brag" are an accurate description of his game, the bluff deceives nobody, the bounce falls flat, and the brag is "voice and nothing besides."



THE GANGSTER (forgetting himself): "Help! Help! Police! He's collared my gun."

DRAWN BY MACBEA.

We hear a good deal about inflation nowadays, and it is a subject which has moral as well as economic aspects. The essence of swank is a kind of self-inflation. The Scripture has the right word for it: it frequently warns us against being "puffed up." The type for all time of the swanker is Æsop's frog, which endeavoured to inflate itself to the size of a cow. Swank (to use Falstaff's phrase) "blows a man up like a bladder." I should say that that otherwise affable person, Bibendum, was a bit of a swanker; he is one of the most puffed-up persons I have ever seen. Now, it is true (as my dictionary has perceived) that inflated objects bounce, and, as a general rule, the more they are inflated, the more they bounce. It is noticeable, by the way, that we all seem to object to excessive resilience in our fellow-creatures: they never annoy us more than when they "bounce" or "bound." Why do we compare a person whom we dislike to a rubber ball or a kangaroo? Partly, no doubt, because rubber balls and kangaroos are not models of dignified deportment; but chiefly because, observing rubber balls as Newton observed his apple, we have noticed that the higher a thing bounces the farther and the swifter it falls.

We have also noticed that one nasty fall does not cure a ball of bouncing; it tries again, but not so confidently; and then it goes on making a succession of dispirited efforts, until finally it lies about on the floor and gets in people's way and is liable to be kicked into a corner. Well, that is the history of most swankers. On the whole, it is safer to roll quietly along, using any elasticity one has for hopping over obstacles, and only bouncing and bounding when the obstacle requires a special effort.

Swanking is deeply ingrained in human nature, and begins at an early age. It is highly developed in the nursery. If you wish to see the epitome of swank, observe a small boy swaggering along with a cocked hat and a tin drum, fancying himself the entire Guards' Band. It is impossible to exaggerate the enormous sense of superiority he feels over all created things: you can see the process of inflation going on visibly—he swells before your eyes. It is a strenuous life that children lead—they have to spend so much of their time outswanking each other. Even parents are good enough to swank about! If you are a father, and if your son is worthy of his sire, you must have been embarrassed (I trust not *flattered*?) to hear him swanking about you as a far better father than his playmate's father—not more *good*, I am afraid, but more clever, more strong, and, very possibly, more rich (oh, the incorrigible little snobs that children are!).

Yes, it begins in the nursery—it begins at birth. And a vast deal of our training and education may be described simply as de-swanking. The process, begun in infancy, goes on, or ought to go on, all our lives. It takes a long time to complete the lesson, and it is not palatable; but we have got to convince ourselves more and more, with every day that we live, of our own infinite unimportance. No man is completely deswanked until he is dead; and even when they die, a good many people surround themselves with elaborate swank which must seem somewhat comic to them if they happen to be hovering aloft and looking on.

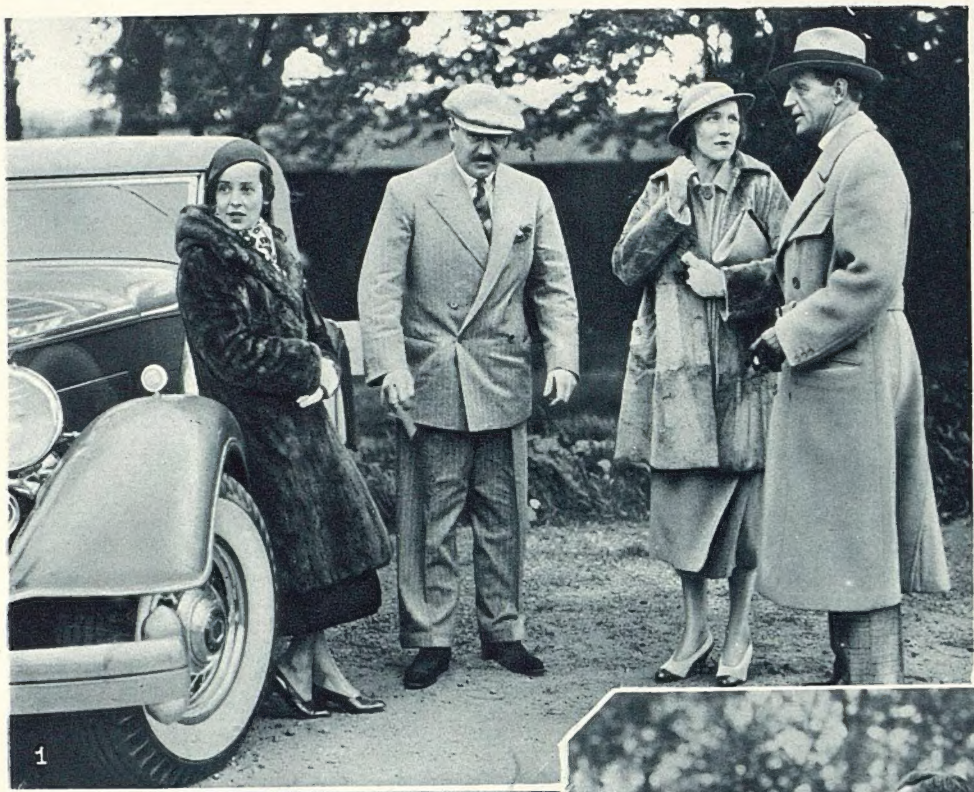
In a library with which I am acquainted there is a notice: "Tread lightly and talk little." It is a good motto for many occasions: for instance, it often comes into my mind in the theatre, when late-comers stamp to their seats and babble to each other—swankers all, so important to themselves that nobody else's convenience matters to them. And the motto is not a bad one for the general purposes of existence. To tread heavily is not necessarily a sign of weight, for any fool can stamp and shuffle; and to talk little is a politic thing from any point of view, for if you have much to say, it is bad tactics to throw all your supports and reserves into the front line; and if you have nothing to say, you can often gain a reputation for wisdom by not saying it! It is a well-known convention of literature that a man cannot be "silent" without being "strong": the two adjectives are inseparable. It is my conviction that the strong, silent man is often a fraud—he is not necessarily strong because he is silent, or silent because he is strong. Often, in fact, he is merely a dull dog. But at least he does not *bark*; whereas the yapping of the swanker is not only hideous in itself, but, sooner or later, is sure to attract a well-aimed old boot.

PHOTOGRAPH BY LENARE.

CONVERSATION PIECE—
THE SMILEYS AND THEIR SON AND HEIR

This photographic conversation piece shows SIR HUGH SMILEY, BT., and LADY SMILEY at home at Great Oaks, Goring-on-Thames, with their infant son and heir, JOHN PHILIP SMILEY. Lady Smiley, who was Miss Nancy Beaton, is the elder of Mr. Cecil Beaton's two sisters. Her marriage took place in 1933 and her infant son was born last February. Sir Hugh Smiley is the third Baronet.

POLO IN LONDON AGAIN.



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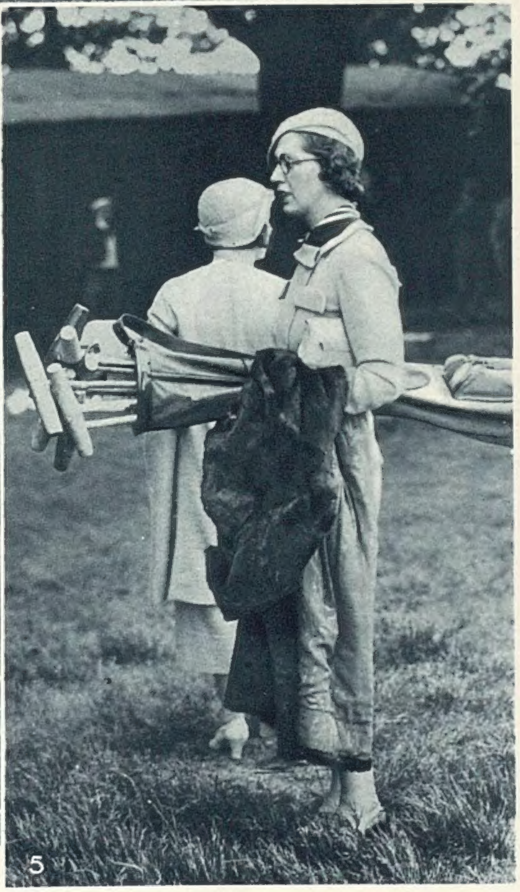

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1. *The U.S.A. polo team, Aurora, made their first appearance at Hurlingham last week. MRS. JOHN RYAN, CAPTAIN TREMAYNE, MRS. REX BENSON, and MAJOR "FRUITY" METCALFE were among those who assembled to see them play.*
2. *The Optimists won the Whitney Cup at Hurlingham. MR. W. L. HORBURY is receiving the cup from MRS. PILKINGTON. The other members of the team were Mr. H. Hughes, Major Tate, and Mr. J. A. E. Traill.*
3. *MR. L. L. LACEY played back for Hurlingham in their match against the U.S.A. side, Aurora, who won with ease. He is talking to MRS. SIMPSON.*
4. *MR. HAROLD E. TALBOTT is No. 1 in the Aurora team. He is chatting to MRS. LACEY.*
5. *MRS. HALE was photographed at Hurlingham with a golf bag full of polo sticks.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA — VERY LIKE HER ANCESTRESS, QUEEN VICTORIA.

PRINCESS ALEXANDRA OF GREECE, the thirteen-year-old daughter of his late Majesty King Alexander of Greece and of Princess Aspasia of Greece, his widow, is a great-great-granddaughter of Queen Victoria. Her grandfather, King Constantine of Greece, married Princess Sophia, daughter of Queen Victoria's eldest daughter, the Empress Frederick of Germany. Princess Alexandra, who is being educated in England, wore this attractive Victorian dress at a children's party not long ago. Queen Victoria is seen inset.

LONDON ASIDES.

By

PAMELA MURRAY.

MR. WARREN and his young son, MRS. BAXTER, MRS. REID, MRS. WARREN, and MR. BAXTER posed for this group taken at Prince's Club, Sandwich, during the holiday week-end.

The MARQUESS OF LOTHIAN, the HON. REGINALD WINN, and MISS JOYCE WETHERED were all at Sandwich recently. They are on Prince's Course.

The HON. MRS. REGINALD WINN, VISCOUNTESS ASTOR, and the HON. MRS. BRAND favoured Sandwich with a visit during the holiday week-end. Mrs. Winn was Miss Alice Perkins, of Virginia, U.S.A.

MR. MACHIN, MRS. ALLEN, and CAPTAIN CHITTENDEN are here seen outside the club-house at Prince's, Sandwich.

CONGRATULATIONS to the Warwicks on their heir. To Captain David Aitken, at present with his Battalion of the Seaforth in Talavera Barracks, Jerusalem, on getting engaged and hoping for leave to marry in July. To Gordon Maxwell, for nearly ten years the best dancer among débutantes, on falling madly in love for the first, and doubtless last, time. His eighteen-year-old fiancée 's as pretty as a picture; has a grand pair of hands to a horse and to a piano.

Mr. Derek Studley-Herbert and his wife were conspicuously absent at Le Touquet over Whitsun, if anyone was conspicuously anything. Le Touquitis—to rhyme with bronchitis—has become as prevalent as the common cold. Thousands flock (literally, like birds) for the greatest possible amusement of the greatest possible number, and air lines do big business. At Heston, June Lady Inverclyde and Mrs. " Babe " Barnato clambered into adjacent seats, and ex-amateur boxer Humphrey Coysch on to the box, or whatever the driver's platform is called—we 're not technical. In under an hour, without one bump, Banco moored (wrong again) at Berck, just beaten by Mr. Freddie White flying his own machine. Last year his luggage and Mrs. White's fell out of John Turner's plane into the Channel. It was washed up at Boulogne and sold some months later for forty francs. Among interested spectators at the auction happened their friend, Rosalind Norman. This time nothing untoward happened in the air, and why anyone travels short distances by other methods beats us. From now on, a daily service leaves Heston at 6 p.m. If you want to be slightly more original, the same line is going to Dieppe (for Pourville) and Deauville (for Trouville and bonny lasses) every day when summer comes—not IF summer comes.

Lady Dudley's villa party included the " Ted " Cripps, and Lady Furness loaned hers to the Tattersalls. The " old gang " was submerged among thousands of strange faces belonging to day excursionists, Hitler fugitives, and new rich. Every five years there 's a fresh crop of *nouveaux riches* (same subject—different language), but the new poor, like the old poor, are ever with us. It 's noticeable that a quieter, more outdoor element gravitates towards the golf-courses (with exceptions, including four young men who played in evening shoes after twelve hours' hard at the Casino), and is found sunning on the Golf Hotel terrace, where no winds blow. The " Reg " Shureys, Geoffrey Ackroyds, George Philipsons, and Malcolm Gladstones formed fours; Mrs. Philipson's country clothes being admirable. "Baba" Pim's suffragette colour scheme was businesslike, and Countess Paul Munster also wore sports clothes at what is intended to be an open-air resort. The pretties round that Hermitage semicircle did not. Their high heels, film make-up, and off-Ascot creations were much admired by each other from one till three, when they tottered in to breakfast.

We didn't attend the Casino, because our lungs won't stand the atmospherics, but pass on this second-hand information. A long-sleeved dress of " Daphne's " was good style. A shoe of Jock Campbell's was a surprise packet. The three women most admired were Mrs. John Musker (of Swedish descent), Mrs. Hugh de Rougemont (Swiss born), and Mrs. Claude Leigh, whose Swedish grandparents settled in America. Each is a natural ash-blonde. More golden, but no less genuine, were Mrs. Philip Kindersley and her great friend, Lady Brougham and Vaux, who 's always with them these days. That witty exquisite, Baron " Nicky " de Gunzbourg, was a loser, and that popular Anglo-American, " little Billy " Clyde, got away with his winnings. The smartest foreigners were Baronne Franck and Mme. Georges Levy, the latter having temporarily deserted her Deauville villa because she likes the " so-English atmosphere " at Le Touquet.

The stage was represented by Violet Loraine with her Joicey; Cicely Courtneidge with the MacLarens; and Diana Beaumont, decorative in a white bathing-dress, with her Barter. Movies had an Ostrer. The musical world's contribution

was Mr. Beddington-Behrens, whose portable piano suffered injury in transit, preventing him from singing before breakfast, much to the neighbours' disappointment. He gave sand-yachting parties instead, at which were noted Lady Jean Mackintosh, Esther Thomson, Ursula Serocold, and others in grey bags. The weather wasn't favourable to *piscine* exercises, but some of the above plunged briefly, near the hot end.

QUICKIES. Mrs. Peter Horlick with Malise Stewart and Mrs. Simon Combe.

Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes and Jean Salmond, with whom she shares a flat, dressed nearly alike at Mrs. Stoneham's cocktail-party.

Morris Jackaman escorting Betty Homan of the regulation dental smile.

Mrs. Jean Heneage on the *Route de la Forêt* by arc-light.

The Comtesse "Bobbie" de Villeneuve talking about her visit to Lady Seafield's Highland home—very impressive.

Captain Arthur Evans with Mrs. Dudley Tooth and the Alec Robertses, who played with the Ted McCormicks.

Lady Phyllis Allen in Mr. Nubar Gulbenkian's astonishing automobile, painted in Princes' Club colours—*quel chic!*

Mrs. Vernon Tate, younger even than last year.

The "Bill" Williamses, for years the most popular British couple outside officialdom in Paris, still a host in themselves.

Miss Gwen Kingham, of Paris, giving golf hints to Christopher Mackintosh and Alec Taylor.

Mrs. Vivian Loyd, still windswept. Mrs. "Nicky" Kasterine ("Kate" White that was), still entirely un-*blasée* with a deliciously original turn of mind.

Four fellows at play—George Monkland, Leonard Govett, Hamar Bagnall, and John Spencer.

The county element, usually absent, was introduced at its best by Mrs. Geoffrey Sparrow, who rode a fat cob over the dunes; Commander Livingstone-Learmonth, and Mrs. Broughton (Cynthia Legh) all of Cheshire, where the Leghs were settled before William of Normandy left his lands (which included the site of that ultra-Norman golf-club) for Hastings. This invasion is now reversed.

Mrs. C. A. Cartwright wore just a few pearls. Lord Portarlington wore just a few jumpers. Miss Toto Koopman wore just a few red foxes.

Miss Alexandra Thomson will be heard of again. So will Mrs. Harold Laurence, who is the winsome Canadian wife of a New Yorker. They prefer other continents to their own. After two lively St. Moritz winters they toured India as a change, and are now in London, where her Mayfair prettiness pleases.

On the Royal Tournament's opening day, every seat was taken and bookings excellent. There are few dull moments and some superb numbers. Her Majesty, talking animatedly to General "President" Grant, who 's excellent company, was the ideal audience, leading applause. We thought the Blues' Musical Ride and the R. M. L. I.s' Pike Drill in uniforms of 1690 stood out. Wonderful stuff. General Claude Hawker, his wife, Mrs. Fergus Forbes, and Mrs. Schlatter-Cameron were among our neighbours; also a gentleman of about eighty and the old school, wearing a Brigade tie.

MRS. PHILIP KINDERSLEY and LADY BROUGHAM AND VAUX were two of the prettiest people at Le Touquet. They did not enjoy Sunday's chilly breezes, against which they are here seen warmly rugged up.

MR. MALISE STEWART, Scots Guards, MRS. SIMON COMBE, and MRS. HORLICK are all ready for golf at Le Touquet. Mrs. Horlick was Miss Rosemary Nicholl, and Mrs. Combe was Miss Sylvia Coke.

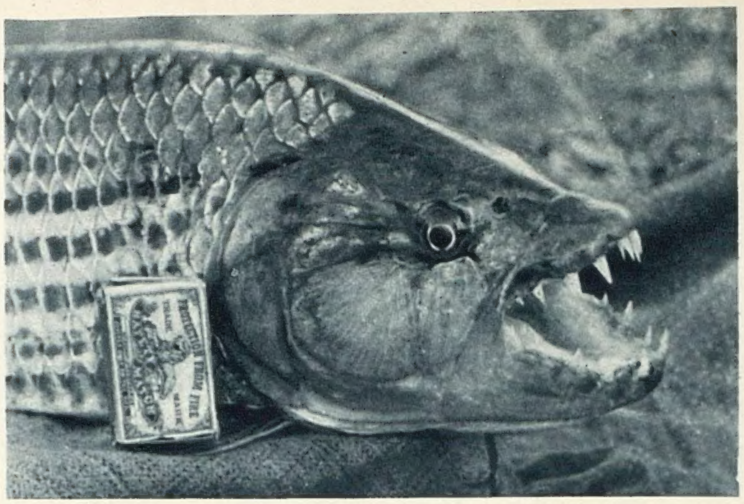
MRS. EDWARD DE WINTON WILLS'S Le Touquet colour scheme was two shades of blue. She and her husband came over for forty-eight hours only. Before her marriage, she was Miss Sylvia Ogden.

(Right) MME. PROVOTOROFF and her husband at Le Touquet. She is very smart indeed in a summery ensemble. Her sister is Miss Audrey Carten, and they have joined brain-forces in several light plays.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

Tiger Fish and the Aaro Fly.

Twelve months ago I referred to the excellent results obtained with Aaro baits on tiger fish in Nigeria. These fish are notoriously difficult to hook, owing to the hard, bony plates inside the mouth; yet a correspondent in South Nigeria informed me that, out of thirty-five tiger fish hooked on Aaro baits, only three were not landed. As the proportion of fish landed to fish hooked is often about one in three, or even less, this news about the Aaro baits was of great interest to anglers who fish for the hard-fighting tiger fish. Two *Sketch* readers in Africa wrote urgently to me to send out Aaro baits in time for the next season. This I did, and I have just heard from one of them, Major A. L. Cooper, whom I met some years before he went to Africa. He writes: "You will be pleased to hear that your Aaro fly has been doing great execution, killing fish when they would not look at anything else. There are two improvements that I would suggest. One, that more red should be used in the body and hackle; and the other, that the fly be dressed on a shorter-shanked hook. The fish always seem to make for the spinner, with the result that the dressing gets rather chewed up." These Aaro baits, or flies, are salmon-flies mounted with a little metal spinner at the head. They are named after the Aaro River, in Norway, and no doubt were first used on that river for salmon. Messrs. Hardy Bros. stock them, and, as they are made in various sizes, when ordering it is as well to say for what they are required.



The match-box posed beside the head of this 9½-lb. TIGER FISH gives a good idea of its size. It was caught in Southern Rhodesia by Major A. L. Cooper.

Fish Eggs Synthetically Impregnated.

Personally, I find it hard to believe that any chemical preparation could be produced to impregnate fish eggs. However, the following particulars and details, sent to me by a friend, impress me sufficiently to seem worth repeating. The director of the fishery institute at Bellano, an Italian naturalist named Mr. E. Pirola, obtained from Lake Como a shad ripening to spawn. He stripped the eggs into a basin, and prepared a synthetic milt made up of sodium chloride 75 grams; magnesium sulphate 18 grams; magnesium chloride 8 grams; calcium chloride 0·40 grams; water 5 grams. Ten parts of this solution were mixed with twelve parts of distilled water and sprinkled on the eggs. When Mr. Pirola was satisfied that the eggs were perfectly impregnated, he subjected them to an electric current of from two to three volts for half a minute. Apparently this was done to "ginger them up," though I cannot see the necessity if the eggs were actually impregnated. However, it appears to have put the finishing touch, as the eggs were hatched out normally and produced healthy young fish. The experiment has been repeated, and each time with successful results. How will the male shad population of Lake Como react to this news when the first synthetically produced fish boasts that he never had a father?

Dr. E. Gordon Reeve may here be seen admiring his best ONE-DAY CATCH OF SALMON, made on the Avon on May 4, 1933, and consisting of fish of 13½ lb., 32½ lb., 23 lb., and 18 lb. (l. to r.). He is an expert angler, and is as keen on sea-fishing as on salmon and trout fishing. In the last twelve days of March this year he had eleven salmon from 9½ lb. to 20½ lb. on Rothiemay Castle and Avocline Waters of the River Deveron, not to mention 138 trout, including fish of 2 lb., 2½ lb., and 3½ lb.

MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, the Chancellor, has just been enjoying a fishing holiday as the guest of SIR MONTAGUE BARLOW, BT., and LADY BARLOW, at Stoke Hall, Grindleford, near Sheffield. Our group shows (l. to r.) Lady Barlow, the Chancellor, and Sir Montague Barlow. Lady Barlow, who was Miss Doris Louise Reed, married Sir Montague at Christchurch, New Zealand, in March last.

Startling Experience of Indian Fisherman.

Monday Jarmett, an Ucluelet Indian, baited his hook with herring and ran out a very long line. The sea was calm, and it was his custom on such days to fish for cod between Centre Island and the Ucluelet Lighthouse, on the west coast of Vancouver Island. Suddenly he felt a hard tug, and as he started to haul in the line there was a tremendous pull, and the line was snatched from his fingers. The end was securely fixed to the bow of the canoe, and as the line tautened with a jerk the canoe shot forward and sped out to sea. Monday Jarmett was petrified with fright, for he had no knife to cut the line and could not untie it. After what to him seemed hours, he saw a huge sea-lion rise to the surface some way ahead, blow, and then sink again. Monday Jarmett's heart sank also, and he resigned himself to a watery grave. Shortly after, however, the canoe lurched and quickly lost way. With trembling hands poor Monday pulled in the slack line, and found it had parted near the hook. The sea-lion came to the surface and gave a parting blow, before disappearing for good. The Indian's story, related on his return in a shaken condition, was corroborated by other fishermen.

Fly-Fishers' Conversazione.

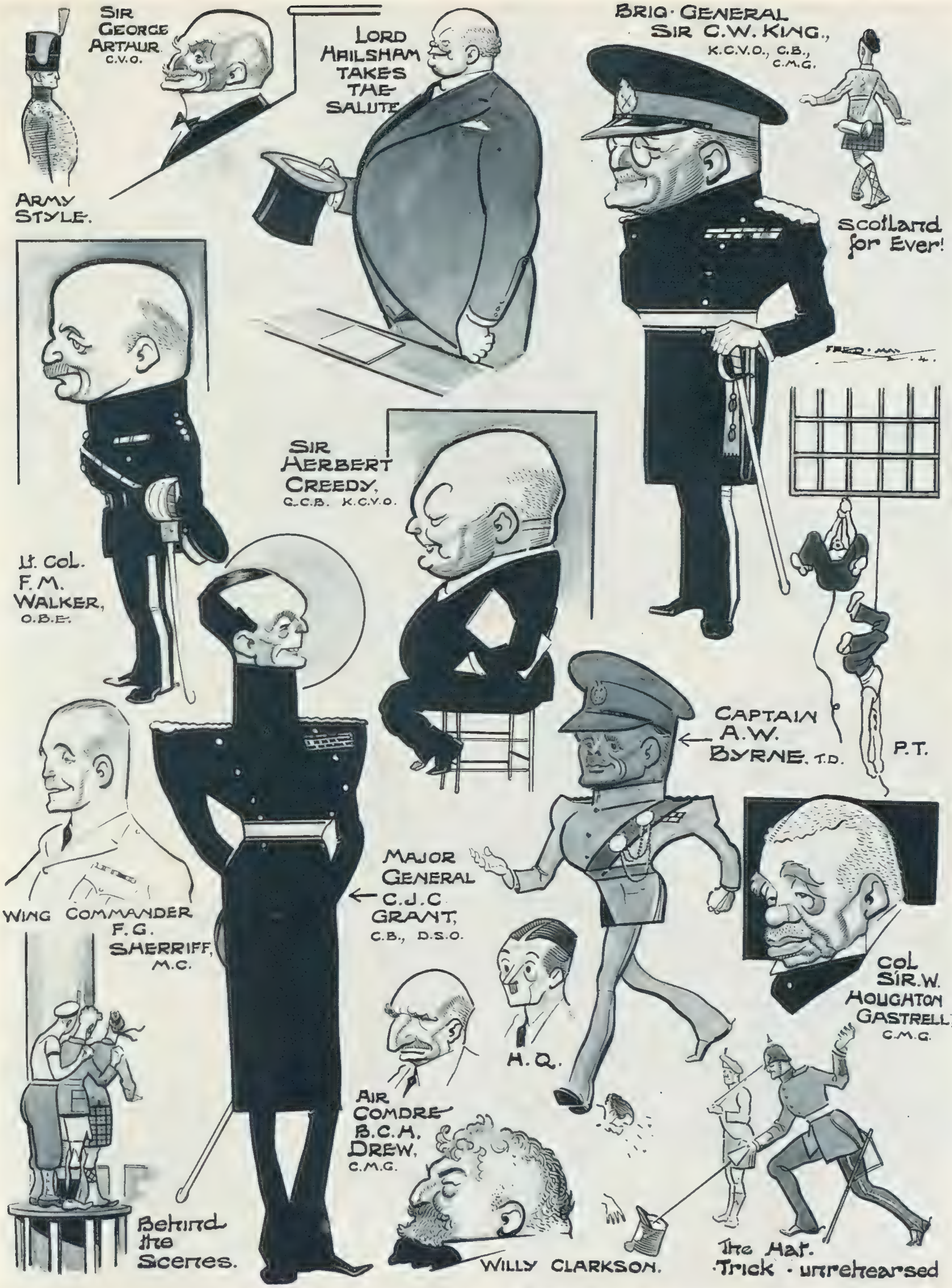
If sufficient support is forthcoming from the members, the Fly-Fishers' Club will hold a Conversazione in the Zoological Gardens Aquarium on July 11 next. The entertainment is in connection with the Jubilee celebrations of the Club, and is notable also as the first occasion that any club has been granted the use of the Aquarium. Another unique feature, as far as the Club is concerned, is that it is to be a ladies' night. From 9 to 11.30 p.m., the Reptile House and the Mappin Terrace will be illuminated, and light refreshments will be served in the Aquarium, and also in the room and covered verandah opposite the Mappin Terraces. In the fishy atmosphere of the Aquarium, the members should be able to entertain their guests in brilliant fashion.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

Major Seton-Karr has had some excellent catches of mackerel and pollack at Manacles, off Falmouth. On May 13 he had twenty-two pollack, including two of 7½ lb., four of 7 lb., five of 6 lb., and eight of 5 lb.

Some nice catches of plaice are being had from the "Blocks" at Southsea. Mr. Langmaid had eight plaice weighing 16 lb., and Mr. Williams seven weighing 17 lb.

R. L. MARSTON.



BIG MEN BEHIND THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT SCENES.

Fred May's caricatures were made at the Full-Dress Rehearsal of the 51st Royal Tournament, when the Secretary for War, LORD HAILSHAM, took the salute. SIR HERBERT CREEDY is the Permanent Under-Secretary of State for War. MAJOR-GENERAL C. J. C. GRANT commands the London District. BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR C. W. KING is Chairman of the General Purposes Sub-Committee and one of the founders of the Royal Tournament. SIR GEORGE ARTHUR was Lord Kitchener's secretary, and wrote his Life. CAPTAIN A. W. BYRNE represents the Territorials. WING-COMMANDER SHERRIFF is O.C. Air Force Recruits, whose P.T. display is one of the features of the Tournament. WILLY CLARKSON has for many years been responsible for the wigs and costumes.

HOLIDAY SHOTS

COUNTESS PAUL MUNSTER, one of the three daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward, is driving off, watched by MR. PHILIP DUNN, COUNT PAUL MUNSTER, and the HON. DROGO MONTAGU (l. to r.).

MISS ESTHER THOMSON, a débutante who was chaperoned by Lady Jean Mackintosh, is about to emerge from her bath-towel and plunge into the piscine.

MISS THOMSON, MR. GEORGE SALE, LADY JEAN MACKINTOSH, and MR. C. E. W. MACKINTOSH, the Rugger Blue and ski expert, were photographed at the tea-hour. Lady Jean Mackintosh is the elder daughter of the Duke of Hamilton.

(Right) MRS. JOHN MUSKER took a seat on the turf to watch her husband practising. She is a daughter of the late Mrs. Loeffler.

FROM LE TOUQUET.

LORD PORTARLINGTON, LADY VERONICA HORNBY, COUNT CZERNIN and MISS TOTO KOOPMAN are posed round this table.

LADY ROSAMOND GIBBS, sister of the Earl of Carrick, is waiting at one of the tees. She is with MR. ARTHUR GIBBS.

(Right) MR. and MRS. JOHN BARTER are here seen at the piscine, which was not so crowded as usual, owing to cool winds. She is Miss Diana Beaumont, the attractive young actress. Her next play, "Mixed Doubles," opens shortly. Her white swimming-suit is very good indeed.

MRS. CHARLES SWEENY, formerly Miss Margaret Whigham, is now well enough to walk round the golf-course and watch the play. She is with MR. PERCY QUILTER and MR. SWEENY (right).

LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE wears her hair in plaits over the ears, and has a tiny diamond clip to hold it. She is talking to MRS. ALAN KYLE.

THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE.

No. XVIII.

MR. CYRIL TOLLEY.

With this series "The Sketch" lifts the veil on the worst moments in the lives of some distinguished persons. MR. CYRIL TOLLEY, the well-known golfer, is the eighteenth to go into the "confessional."

SUPERSTITION, the terror of an adverse hate, and the desire to ingratiate oneself with the invisible powers that control it, is ingrained in the hearts of all of us. There was certainly an uneasy feeling running up and down Cyril Tolley's spine as, in 1917, "somewhere in France," the tank of which he was in command lumbered towards the enemy trenches in a big Allied attack. He had picked up what had been left of the crews of two other tanks that had been blown up, and the total number of men in his was now just thirteen.

Even now, in the comparatively peaceful atmosphere of a golf match, Cyril Tolley has to pull himself together on the thirteenth tee, but in those terrible days of the war, when life hung on such slender threads, the fact of thirteen men being cooped up together in the metal juggernaut seemed of quite disproportionate significance to him. He felt sure, as he controlled the rocking progress of the tank over the ground, that something terrible would happen. Something did. Without warning, the huge machine came to a standstill with a grinding jerk.

"God, we 're done for! One of the tractors is broken!" someone shouted. Whoever it was who made that remark, he was right. The tank stood incapable of movement in the middle of No Man's Land.

This *débâcle* came almost as a relief to Cyril Tolley. It called for action and prevented thoughts hovering gloomily around the figure thirteen, though even as he gave orders to cope with the situation he could not help thinking that this probably would not have happened had there been one more man or one less in the tank.

But it was not possible to do anything to repair the tractor, for at that moment a shell hit the ground only a few yards away, and a shower of shrapnel hit the steel sides with a deafening clang. The shell was followed by others. Cyril Tolley, through a spyhole, looked in the direction from which they were coming, and his blood froze.

They were under shell-fire from their own artillery. No. 13 was proving its efficacy. All that day the bombardment continued. Shells fell in quick succession all around them. By a miracle none of them hit the tank, though the force of the explosions often caused it to rock. Cyril Tolley wondered whether, after all, there was not a guardian angel at work as well.

Meanwhile, the thirteen men inside the tank could only sit and wait. The bombardment ceased, as all bombardments do, eventually, and towards dusk No Man's Land was comparatively quiet again. Now was the time to repair the broken tractor, or, at any rate, to patch it up sufficiently to enable them to scramble back to their own lines.

Cyril Tolley was about to lead his mechanics, armed with tools, out of the tank, when a curious cold feeling inside him told him to "look before he leaped." The "looking" disclosed a German raiding-party approaching the tank. Thirteen was once again taking a hand in affairs. There was no use in attempting to make a fight for it, as they were heavily out-numbered. The only thing to do was to "lie doggo" and wait till the coast was clear again.

The Germans crawled all over the tank like ants, demanding if there was anybody inside and trying to break their way in. Cyril Tolley—waiting, revolver in hand—grimly wondered what was to be the outcome of this—would they break in? By the tones of their voices it sounded as if they were about to give up the attempt—"*Alle tot,*" he heard one of them say. He shook his head—they were anything but all dead inside the tank at that moment, but who knew how long that moment was going to last?

Suddenly there came a violent explosion. For a second Cyril Tolley thought that the raiding-party had bombed the tank, but from the shouts of alarm that came from them he realised that they were quite as startled as he, and, looking out, he saw them retreating towards their own lines. The bombardment had begun again. It lasted all through that night, and once again its guardian angel kept the tank from being hit.

Morning found No Man's Land silent, and thirteen tired, nerve-racked men again preparing to repair the tractor. But once more they were prevented from doing so. The raiding-party came back. But this time armed with hand-grenades with which they obviously meant to blow open the tank. Cyril Tolley made up his mind. It was impossible to hold out any longer. The only thing to do now was to surrender and trust to the mercy of Providence and their enemies.

A few seconds later he and his twelve men were lined up against the tank. He found himself facing twenty unwavering rifle-barrels, which were levelled at them by twenty grim-faced men.

He felt strangely calm—so this was going to be the end?—in a few seconds he would be just an inanimate bundle of flesh and bones lying dead beside his tank, with a bullet in his brain—at least, he hoped it would be in his brain—it would be intolerable if any of those fellows were to miss and just wound him badly—that would be worse than death. Anyhow, he 'd probably peg out later in terrible agony—he 'd just have to pray for the good aim of his executioners.

It seemed curious that just because he was wearing a khaki uniform and they field-grey that they should automatically have to shoot him. They could not possibly have any personal grudge against him, as he could have none against them. If they had khaki uniforms too, they would just as automatically be his friends.

"*Ein, zwei——*" someone was counting. Cyril Tolley braced himself—here it was—his eyes focussed themselves on the steady rifle-barrels that were about to deal out death to him. Suddenly he noticed the voice still counting—"*—elf, zwölf, dreizehn*"—also "*Rechts-um!*"—right turn? What did it mean?

Then Cyril Tolley laughed—he was being taken prisoner. They had only been counted. Never had the word "thirteen," spoken in German by an enemy officer, sounded so sweet.

CYRIL BUTCHER.

MR. CYRIL TOLLEY, M.C., the golfer, is the eighteenth to disclose his secret in "THE WORST MOMENT OF MY LIFE" series for the benefit of "Sketch" readers. He was born in 1895, and served in the European War from 1915-19, when he gained the Military Cross. He won the British Amateur Golf Championship in 1920 and 1928; the French Open Golf Championship in 1924 and 1928; and the Welsh Amateur Golf Championship in 1921 and 1923. Since 1930 he has held the position of Resident Group Supervisor, Equitable Life Assurance Company of the United States of America.

QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY BALL, in aid of the Queen Charlotte's Hospital, took place last week. The huge cake was drawn across the room by 150 débutantes, who moved with military precision. They are here arranged in formation round it. LADY HELEN NUTTING (left; in ostrich-feather cape) was one of the dames d'honneur.

The ceremony of cutting the cake was performed by H.R.H. PRINCESS ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT (centre; back to camera). As she advanced, the 150 débutantes, the maids-in-waiting (last year's débutantes) and the dames d'honneur all curtseyed in absolute unity.

A PRINCESS AND 150 DÉBUTANTES: QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S BIRTHDAY CAKE.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

THE social machine hardly decelerated for Whitsuntide. By Tuesday night the wheels were going round at full speed again, and Covent Garden drew a full house for "Arabella" on Whit-Monday night. It 's true that I only saw one tiara—that worn by Mrs. Cecil Bevis—but Mr. Bowring-Hanbury had his famous pearl studs (white, pink, and black), and royalty, in the person of Princess Marie Louise, was present. Mrs. Bevis brought her débutante Maureen, who is blonde, handsome, and fond of music; and Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths was escorting his mother and sister.

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Mothers and débutantes were all present and correct at Lady Philipps's ball, the first big dance I ever remember being given on a Whit-Tuesday. The night was our first warm, summer moonlight one, so the garden at the back of Sir Laurence Philipps's Hill Street house was pleasant as well as romantic. The chairs and buffet out there were much appreciated.

ADMIRAL SIR ROGER KEYES and MISS KEYES were guests at the wedding of Mr. Robin Grant Lawson and Miss Mary Bailey. Sir Roger will always be remembered as being in command of the operations against Zeebrugge and Ostend on April 23, 1918. He was acting Vice-Admiral in command of the Dover Patrol at that time.

The flowers were simply marvellous. Huge vases filled with mixed bouquets of the most ravishing shades stood about everywhere; but in the ball-room they were of flame only, for the hostess wore her gold lamé Court dress, which has touches of flame velvet, so the flowers were matched up to it. The decorations in Lady Philipps's own small sitting-room were of a delicate shade of mauvish-pink to tone exactly with its decorations.

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Ball-room impressions. Lady Mary Crewe-Milnes dancing with Mr. Vincent Paravicini, who is twenty, and a popular ball-room personality.

Mr. Neville Berry partnering Lady Georgina Hay and, later, Miss Ruth Primrose. The latter had a blue net dress finished with botanically-incorrect, but attractive, blue rosebuds.

VISCOUNTESS GAGE is the younger daughter of Lord and Lady Desborough. The christening of her second son took place at Firle Church last week. The baby received the names of Henry Nicholas.

MISS PATRICIA ROBERTSON, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Marshall Robertson, of 36, Seymour Street, Portman Square, is engaged to Mr. G. R. Mitchell, son of Captain and Mrs. A. S. Mitchell, of Vectis Lodge, Bembridge, Isle of Wight.

The marriage of MISS MARY STARR BAILEY, daughter of Sir Abe Bailey, Bt., to MR. ROBIN GRANT LAWSON, second son of the late Sir John Grant Lawson and of Lady Grant Lawson, took place at St. Mary's, Bryanston Square. The reception was held at Sir Abe Bailey's London house in Bryanston Square.

Lady Bridgett Poulett's blue lace Empire dress showed off her graceful figure. Every time I see her dancing I am struck afresh with the beauty of the way she moves.

Miss Ursula Livingstone-Learmonth's arm in a sling roused much sympathy, but didn't spoil her good time. Miss Moya Beresford looked enchanting, and danced with Lords Amherst of Hackney, Lovat, and Anson—and some commoners too.

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The dance given by Mrs. Whitaker and Mrs. Vincent Jones in Belgrave Square on the same night encouraged a good many of us to bring off a double and be at both. The lilies, cream roses, and scarlet flowers were well-chosen decorations. Miss Virginia Brett's shoulder-straps of pink roses on a green dress was a good dress note; and Miss Phœbe Houstoun-Boswall was at her best in green.

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Modern family feeling is apt to be "under proof" by Victorian standards, but the Henderson clan are a striking exception to this rule. All the sisters-in-law, except Lady Violet Henderson, had dinner-parties for Mrs. Alec Henderson's dance in honour of the delightful Susan, whose blue eyes and engaging smile put her in the first flight of charm and beauty. Even Mrs. Philip Henderson brought a party, though she has no grown-up daughter, only a son and two little girls.

Mrs. Alec Henderson wore grey and silver. She has beautifully-set blue eyes, a low, musical voice, and an enviable, calm, poised manner which can't be easy to keep when you 're taking a daughter around this hectic London! Mrs. Arnold Henderson, mother of the blonde Daphne, had her dance at the Ritz on Monday last, the 28th.

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The dance of the week, however, was the huge ball—for grown-up notabilities as well as débutantes and young men—given by Lord and Lady Rosebery for Miss Lavinia Strutt. It was not so much a dance as a full-dress gathering of all London society, in the grand manner of that nineteenth-century period when the ball-room in Lord Rosebery's London house was decorated. It still has the huge chandeliers and ornate but handsome panelling of the time, and makes a marvellous setting for a stately gathering. There 's quite a big private garden at the back, which Lady Rosebery hoped to use for sitting out, provided that the weather behaved itself.

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Naturally, at an entertainment given by the Roseberys, royalty was expected. The Princess Royal and Lord Harewood arranged to attend, and so did Prince George. The Princess Royal is fond of dancing, and, now that she is quite well again, no doubt enjoys it as much as ever.

Ambassadors, Dukes, and the bearers of great names were all among

The 1934 season of the open-air theatre in Regent's Park opened last week with "As You Like It." MISS MADELEINE CARROLL, the well-known screen star (centre) is shaking hands with MISS ANNA NEAGLE (right) who played Rosalind. MISS MARGARETTA SCOTT and MR. JOHN DRINKWATER may be seen in their costumes as the Banished Duke and Celia. Miss Madeleine Carroll opened the outdoor theatre.

those present. In fact, everything, from the flowers to the music, the food and the guests, was absolutely first-class.

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Two important members of the family were not, however, present at the Rosebery ball. Lady Helen Smith, Lord Rosebery's daughter, was kept away by her new baby, and young Lord Primrose, who was born in 1929, is not yet of an age for balls. He, by the way, is strikingly like his famous grandfather. He has the same bright blue eyes and is already showing promise of brilliance. He also possesses charming manners and conversational powers. Not long ago he introduced the family dog, Martha, to me, and had a lot to tell me about her.

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It's quite a relief to go to a party that's not all débutantes! The "young-marrieds" were well entertained by Mrs. H. Shipman and Mrs. Fleitman at 41, Upper Grosvenor Street the other night. Mrs. Shipman, who is the widow of an American bishop, has taken this house for the season and plans to throw a lot of parties. This particular one was in honour of Mrs. Schiaparelli, who looked marvellous in a dress of *jasmin-de-nuit*, with a spray of cornflowers. In case you don't know the colour, it's a bluish-white — jasmin by moonlight—in fact.

Proceedings started with dinner at 9.30 and continued with a running buffet; dancing, talk, and some impromptu "turns" by stage celebrities who came on after their shows.

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The all-U.S.A. food was a great success. The menu included the loveliest salads, lobster in an unusual way, pork and beans, and waffles. Thelma Lady Furness, who can wear a backless dress better than anyone else I know, was in black satin; Mrs. Ronald Balfour's lacquer-red, worn with golden bracelets, was designed by her husband, who is doing some remarkable *décors* and costumes for Fox Films; and Lady Milford Haven was at her best in white.

Lady Mount Temple has another green dress and a new jade-and-pearl pendant which has just been designed for her; Lady Tiverton is as lovely as ever, and Miss Henrietta Bingham as striking-looking. She was one of the diplomatic guests who came on from Embassy parties. Miss G. B. Stern and Mr. Geoffrey Toye represented literature and music.

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Lady Sassoon's afternoon concert in Belgrave Square combined the delights of good music with a nice air of informality. Tea was served downstairs, and replaced by cocktails for late comers, and the concert took place in the ball-room. This salon was not, however, set out with serried ranks of gold chairs, but furnished with the lovely tapestry ones which belong to it, supplemented by a few gilt ones.

Sarah Fischer, an attractive-looking Spanish soprano from Canada, and Denis Noble were the artists. She has sung with great success at the Opéra-Comique in Paris, and was particularly good in the duets with Mr. Noble. I liked their rendering of Mozart's "Là ci darem la mano."

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When I arrived at the Private View of Countess Ingegerd Ahlefeldt's show at Walker's Gallery, some of the pictures were already sold. Lady Mulleneux-Grayson, who came wearing a huge white fur, and accompanied by Mrs. Richard Hoare, bought two, one an attractive study of carnations. Lady Snowden, who, like Lady Grayson, is interested in painting as well as in music, also acquired a flower study.

Count P. Ahlefeldt Laurvig, brother of the artist, is actively as well as passively connected with the show. A portrait of him in riding kit is on view, and four airy and tropical landscapes of the West Indies owe their preservation to him. His sister "got bored with them" and threw them away. He, with fraternal good sense, picked them out of the dust-bin and got them hung.

For those who don't know, by the way, the portrait labelled "Mrs. Isitt" is a picture of the famous dancer, Adeline Genée.

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Art and Society are wedded at Walker's, for next door to the exhibition of pictures by the Danish Minister's daughter is a show of works by Lady Southampton. She is a talented artist, who combines a love of art with a passion for sport. Hunting and the countryside have supplied her with inspiration for a group of Yorkshire pictures; and the portraits include one called "Myself"; and a lovely study of Rupert, a black cocker spaniel, which belongs to Miss FitzRoy, the Speaker's daughter.

MARIEGOLD.

MRS. JOHN CHRISTIE is the wife of Captain John Christie, M.C., of Glyndebourne, near Lewes. She was Miss Audrey Mildmay, and is singing Susanna in "Figaro," which is one of the Mozart operas given at the Glyndebourne Mozart Festival. which opened on May 28. She was presented at a recent Court by Lady Gladstone of Hawarden.

MRS. DOROTHY DAVIDSON, who is now visiting London, is the wife of the General Manager of the Bank of New South Wales.

HERR RUDOLF BOCKELMANN'S performance as Hans Sachs in "DIE MEISTERSINGER," at Covent Garden, was one of the finest ever heard there, and roused great enthusiasm. His Wotan has been hailed as admirable, but his Hans Sachs is considered ideal.

The engagement of MISS MARGARET IRENE PEAT, younger daughter of Sir Harry Peat, the famous accountant and senior partner in Messrs. Peat, Marwick, Mitchell, and Co., and Lady Peat, of Hillside, Bushey, Herts, to MR. DOUGLAS ROBERT JARDINE, the former England and Surrey cricket captain, has been announced. Mr. Jardine, who is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Robert Jardine, of Woodside, Ashley Road, Walton-on-Thames, will be thirty-four this year. He was in the Winchester eleven in 1917, 1918, and 1919, and went up to Oxford in 1920, where he got his cricket Blue as a Freshman. After leaving Oxford, he played for Surrey, and was elected captain in succession to Mr. Fender. He went out to Australia as Captain 1932-3; came home and skippered England against the West Indies; and last winter he captained the M.C.C. team in India.

PORTRAIT OF MISS PEAT BY BEE BELTON; MR. JARDINE BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

MR. D. R. JARDINE AND HIS FIANCÉE.

A FILM ACTRESS IN THE R.A. — MISS JILLIAN SAND.

MR. GERALD BROCKHURST'S attractive Royal Academy picture, "JILLIAN," is a portrait of Miss Jillian Sand, the English screen-actress. She is the daughter of a barrister. Her patronymic is really Sandlands, but she adopted the shortened version for an acting name. She recently returned from a successful visit to Hollywood.

FROM THE PICTURE BY GERALD BROCKHURST, A.R.A., EXHIBITED IN THE ROYAL ACADEMY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED BY THE ARTIST.)

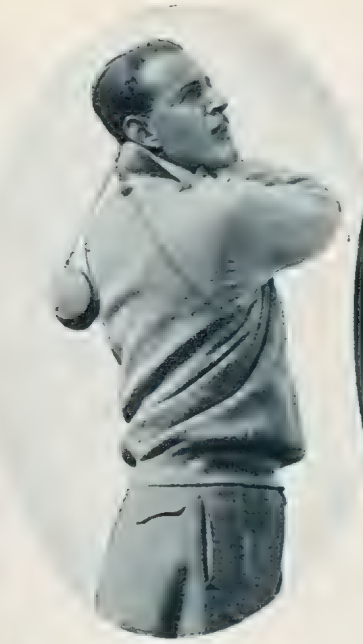
GRAN'POP IS PERTURBED OVER THE WEAKNESS OF THE "AIR FORCE."

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED IN THE U.S.A. BY THE ARTIST.)

THE PRINCE - CAPTAIN AND THE LAST EIGHT.

G. T. DUNLAP, JNR., *(Pomonok, Long Island, U.S.A.).*

J. WALLACE *(Troon, Portland).*



L. G. GARNETT *(Addington).*

J. NEAL *(Moor Park).*

A. WALKER *(Delamere Forest).*

FRANCIS FRANCIS *(Sunningdale).*

T. A. BOURN *(Sunningdale).*

W. LAWSON LITTLE, JNR. *(Presidio, San Francisco, U.S.A.).*

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, *who is the Captain of Prestwick, motored over from Ayr in order to watch the play.*

THE last eight in the AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, at Prestwick, are here seen. They included two American Walker Cup players, in the persons of Dunlap and Lawson Little, but no British Walker Cup players.

17th-CENTURY DIPLOMATS — OF THE PAGEANT OF PARLIAMENT.

1. MR. BASIL KENNEDY, here posed with his two bull-mastiffs, takes the part of the Spanish Ambassador in the Pageant of Parliament at the Albert Hall, from June 29 to July 21. Together with the other Ambassadors and Ambassadresses, he dances a pavane after the Skating Ballet on the frozen Thames.

2. MRS. ARMSTRONG will appear as the Russian Ambassadress.

3. MISS STELLA BUCHANAN will be the Spanish Ambassadress.

4. MISS PENELOPE MAFFEY and MR. NIGEL TANGYE will be the French Ambassadress and the French Ambassador.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER NORTH.

THE "COSSACK GIRL" AMAZON: MARINA YURLOVA.

MARINA YURLOVA is the author of "COSSACK GIRL," the remarkable record of her life as a soldier during the Great War which has just been published by Cassell. This is a present-day portrait of her. In 1914, when a child of 14, she got to the Front—in a blue print frock and with her hair in pig-tails!

Another study of the girl who served as a soldier and was present at the siege of Erzerum and at many battles.

Marina Yurlova is now a dancer. Naturally, she appears in Cossack costume in some of her numbers. Her exploits in the war included the blowing-up of a bridge.

This photograph shows Marina Yurlova in her REAL COSSACK COSTUME. It was taken before her escape to Japan.

When the Prince of Wales was in Yokohama in 1922, Marina Yurlova was presented to him, and he heard that she had been decorated for bravery on the Caucasian front. This was before she had written "Cossack Girl," the story of her experiences.

WHITE M
AND SPARK

1. *MISS RAQUEL TORRES, the Mexican film star, is admirably well suited by the white mantilla, the ceremonial head-dress of Spain. She has played leading rôles in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," "Under a Texas Moon," etc., and played a dual rôle of Lementina and her daughter, Sheba, in her first British film, "Red Wagon."*

2. *MISS MARCELINE DAY is a small, sparkling brunette. She is the sister of Alice Day, and was born in Colorado Springs and educated at Salt Lake City.*

[Continued opposite.

ANTILLA

LING EYES.

Continued.]
She is the perfect type for the mantilla, with her beautifully shaped face and large dark eyes.

3. *MISS PENELOPE PARKES is a dainty new film personality, with long, almond-shaped eyes and a piquante expression. She plays the part of the maid-servant in the new London Film Production, "The Private Life of Don Juan," and appears in the Spanish Inn scene at Valencia. Don Juan, who is played by Douglas Fairbanks, is shown in characteristic amorous and acrobatic adventures.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

ST. EDMUND HALL, not content with their No. 1 crew having made seven bumps, saw to it that their second crew, which started bottom but one in the Fifth Division, also made seven bumps, which put them into the Fourth Division. Queen's II. also made seven bumps, with the result that, having started fourth in the Fourth Division, they ended up as ninth in the Third.

MR. DE SARAM, when playing for Oxford against the Australians, was in great form during his second innings and made 128 runs. He hit Grimmett twice for a six, and also sent balls from Fleetwood-Smith over the ropes; while, in addition, he had eighteen 4's in his brilliant 128. He was given a Blue.

MR. MITCHELL-INNES was given his Blue after the Oxford-Australia match. His Golf Blue dates from last autumn.

SIR WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, P.R.A., is a star of the film, which has been made by the Gaumont-British Corporation, dealing with the work of the Royal Academy and showing incidents which are never seen by the public. The President has the leading "talkie" part, as he conducts a running commentary of explanation. The "artistes" include Sir John Lavery, Mr. John Hay, and other well-known painters, who are seen making final adjustments on "varnishing day." Further, hopeful artists arrive with their works, and students paint in the R.A. Schools.

MR. F. C. DE SARAM (Oxford)—FOR SCORING 128 IN HIS SECOND INNINGS IN THE MATCH BETWEEN OXFORD AND THE AUSTRALIANS.

MR. NORMAN MITCHELL-INNES—FOR BEING AN OXFORD FRESHMAN OF NINETEEN WHO HAS ADDED A CRICKET BLUE TO HIS GOLF BLUE.

SIR WILLIAM LLEWELLYN, PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY—FOR BECOMING A STAR IN A "TALKIE" DEALING WITH THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S STORY.

COLONEL SIR JOHN BROWN—FOR SUGGESTING THAT THE BRITISH LEGION OFFICIAL MARCH SHOULD BE "JOHN BROWN'S BODY."

ST. EDMUND HALL I. (top)—FOR SETTING UP A RECORD BY GAINING SEVEN BUMPS IN THE SIX DAYS' RACING IN THE OXFORD SUMMER EIGHTS. *ST. EDMUND HALL II. (centre)*—FOR ALSO MAKING SEVEN BUMPS; AND *QUEEN'S II. (bottom)*—FOR ALSO MAKING SEVEN BUMPS.

FRÄULEIN KLARA MAYR, daughter of the sculptor, Guida Mayr—FOR HER FINE PERFORMANCE AS MARY MAGDALENE IN THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

FRÄULEIN ANNI RUTZ, a typist, once a maid in a Sussex country house—FOR HER FINE PERFORMANCE AS THE VIRGIN MARY IN THE OBERAMMERGAU PASSION PLAY.

WHEN the question of instituting a "Regimental March" for the British Legion was discussed, COLONEL SIR JOHN BROWN jokingly suggested that his own name indicated "John Brown's Body" as a possibility.

FRÄULEIN KLARA MAYR, who has been promoted from her part in the chorus of the Oberammergau Passion Play to take the part of Mary Magdalene in this year's special tercentenary performances, has great dramatic power.

FRÄULEIN ANNI RUTZ, who takes the part of the Virgin Mary at Oberammergau, schooled herself for this great honour by going through a period as a servant. She did this in a country house in Sussex.

Our photograph illustrates a traditional scene at Oxford. Men of Oriel College are swimming out to congratulate their crew on retaining the Headship of the River in this year's Oxford Summer Eights.

This photograph illustrates a traditional scene in the Cameroons, where the paddlers indulge in boat races, just as our undergraduates do. The members of the winning crew wave their paddles aloft after their victory and jump into the water; so that the scene may be taken as akin to that on the Thames during the Oxford Summer Eights. Truly there is nothing new under the sun!

NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN!

VERA KORENE—

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN FRANCE."

MLLE. VERA KORENE, who has been described as the most beautiful woman in France, is a Pensionnaire of the Comédie Française, and has come over with M. Albert-Lambert fils and his company for a short season at the Cambridge Theatre. They opened with Victor Hugo's "Ruy Blas," in which Mlle. Korene plays the Queen. Her great rôles include Dona Dolores in "Patrie," and Flaminia in "La Double Inconstance." Over here she is appearing in "Le Cid," "Le Misanthrope," and "L'Insoumise." An English version of the last-named was done over here by Miss Madge Titheradge and Mr. Henry Ainley under the title of "Prince Fazil."

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PATRICIA HILLIARD—
THE NEW KORDA FIND.

Mr. Alexander Korda "found" such stars as Merle Oberon, Joan Gardner, and Wendy Barrie. He has just signed on another promising young player for London Films, in the person of MISS PATRICIA HILLIARD. She is eighteen years of age. She was seen in Molière's "Le Sicilien," given by pupils of the R.A.D.A., and received an Academy medal for her performance. She went straight from school to the R.A.D.A., where she stayed five terms, until she received the 'phone call to go and see Mr. Korda. She went straight into an important part in "The Private Life of Don Juan" after successful tests. She is here posed in her part for the picture. She is the daughter of Miss Ann Codrington (Mrs. Stafford Hilliard).

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE cargo of "TOUCH WOOD," at the Haymarket, is light; merely the infatuation of a young girl for a married man in a Scottish boarding-house, exceedingly well drawn with its variety of guests, from the knowing old maid to the dangerous siren. It has been done before in "At Mrs. Beam's," etc., but this is a new and very diverting edition of the old scheme, doing credit to the deft hand of Miss Dodie Smith (C. L. Anthony). Yet the craft is too large for the cargo. To maintain her story, the authoress falls into longitudes and repetition. A good twenty minutes could well go overboard, and would not only not be missed, but would tighten the tension of the action. For, however clever these boarders are, they are not definitely characters but types; they are created for a purpose (to amuse us) and from the urge of reality, however great their individual verisimilitude. But it is when I come to a crucial scene that I definitely agree to differ from our authoress. She allows—I cannot put it otherwise—a girl of twenty-two who has had a little *élan d'amour* with the married man whom she dotes on to throw into the face of his wife: "We love one another," etc., etc., while he stands by, a silent, shamefaced witness. Now, I contend that this situation is impossible: (*a*) because people don't do these things—they sound a dissonance; (*b*) because the girl, however young she looked, and Miss Dorothy Hyson was an adorable maiden, should at her age already be too worldly-wise for such indiscretion. Whatever happened afterwards—very adroit scenes between the girl and the wife, and finally between the couple themselves—could not repair this false note. It rang like an owl's cry through the last act. Still, one flaw need not spoil a pattern. If not as gripping as "Service," the present play is full of qualities—qualities of dialogue, of humour, of introspection into life (especially in the discussion between the girl and the wife). Miss Dodie Smith is certainly a dramatist who has come to stay. She enjoyed a beautiful interpretation of her play. Everyone was in his or her right place—Mr. Ian Hunter, duly middle-aged as the somewhat prosy husband; Miss Marie Ney, drifting between Nirvana and jealousy as the childless woman; Miss Hyson, amazingly young and impulsive in her enormous part; her little sister and brother, Pamela Standish and Desmond Tester, equally amusingly precocious; Miss Flora Robson, ideal as the spinster with a twinkle and a history; and Mr. Stafford Hilliard, the beau ideal of a henpecked husband.

"TOUCH WOOD," at the Haymarket. William Berridge (STAFFORD HILLIARD), husband of the flighty Vera, outlines her character in favourable and Christian terms to Miss Enticknap (FLORA ROBSON), whose natural sympathy renders her impervious to boredom.

The gods were kind to the astute Mr. Carroll when he started before thousands of spectators his second open-air season. The sun wrestled with the rainy clouds, and so the sward looked lovely in its frame of may-blossom and sapful green. It was the right atmosphere for "AS YOU LIKE IT," and it seemed to inspire the players, who, one and all, were in a merry, lusty mood and rushed away with their parts in true sand-boy fashion. It was a feast of diction, too. John Drinkwater glorious as the Duke; Jack Hawkins a fairly ideal Orlando, manly and flamboyant; Sir Nigel Playfair a splendid Jaques, with extra-dry humour; Leslie French a sprightly Amiens; Henry Hewitt a capital Touchstone, weighty of build but light of humour; Dennis Hoey a distinguished *volte-face* Frederick; and then the older generation, Stanley Lathbury and A. B. Imeson—all masters of verse. Among the women there were two outstanding figures: the delightful Celia of Miss Margaretta Scott, beautiful in aspect, beautiful of speech; and the Audrey of Miss Eileen Beldon, a truly rural country wench revelling in every joyful minute of her life. The Phebe of Miss Pamela Stanley was well spoken, yet inclined to be didactic; and the Rosalind of Miss Anna Neagle—a *tour de force* of nine days' learning—was a charming Dick Whittington to behold when she was in male attire, and also somewhat reminiscent of pantomime boys of supreme quality. Her looks, her smile, her buoyancy make up for what she lacks in subtlety—and with such charm her future, when more matured, is well assured. The dancers led by Miss Thielade, the lovely costumes designed by Philip Gough, the symphonic co-operation of all Mr. Carroll's faithful henchmen, are beyond praise.

What, I surmise, tempted Mr. José Levy, the practised adapter, to transplant this little shocker, "ONCE UPON A TIME," to the Little was the transformation of the little rogue Mary Starling from a "very ugly crook" with a monstrous nose into a kind of angel face—a wonder of modern surgery. He was also lucky enough to find in Miss Helena Pickard an actress who was able to perform the metamorphosis, both of the face and character, to perfection. For Mary, after the operation, became as good as a little lamb, and all her fell schemes to enrich her fellow-mobsmen faded away when she met Mr. Robert Newton, who played the nice young man and potential lover with easy grace and abandon. From all of which we gathered the moral that, if an ugly face does not necessarily make a bad woman, a pretty one is likely to enhance her virtues. For the rest, the play is ordinary crook-*mélange* none too well ordered, and it was played by most of the actors in a heavy-on-the-hand manner which lamed the interest. Knowing M. Francis de Croisset's works from the beginning, I surmise that the French play was not at all meant seriously, but as a skit on the species Grand Guignol to which it seems more or less to belong. I may be wrong; but, acted with a light touch, a twinkle and a glad eye, it would have made more impression than with the artillery of melodrama.

Edward Lawrence (DESMOND TESTER), a precocious infant, is here seen sustaining a genial battering from Robin Herriot (IAN HUNTER) for remarking that he was afraid that, after all, "Robin" was not the hardy fellow he had supposed. This is an episode from C. L. Anthony's new play, "Touch Wood."

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

THE rise to power of the famous family of bankers, cleverly adjusted to satisfy the claims of romance and sentiment though the story is, has been moulded into a fine financial melodrama in "THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Tivoli), and a splendid vehicle for George Arliss. Never, indeed, since his memorable creation of Disraeli has this master of technique found material more suited to his smooth interplay of sentiment and cunning or to his superb assurance. First as Mayer Amschel Rothschild, laying the foundations of future wealth within the guarded Ghetto, and adjuring his five sons to acquire the power of money but to "walk with dignity"; anon as the London banker, Nathan, financing the Allies against Napoleon in return for the freedom of his people, Mr. Arliss plays his well-known game of brains pitted against opposition. All the ingredients of the typical Arliss part are here—the noble motive behind his manipulations, the interludes of domestic felicity, the telling flash of humour, for which the gentle Mrs. Arliss loyally supplies the cue, as is her wont. But the background of high finance, international affairs, and the Napoleonic wars, the tension of panic on the stock market—into which Nathan throws his personal fortune, dramatically justified by news of Wellington's victory—and a skilful working up of the conflict between Gentile and Jew, possess a strength that balances the familiar turning of the well-oiled Arliss wheels. Neither Loretta Young as Nathan's lovely daughter, nor Robert Young as her gallant Christian lover, can prevent their youthful romance from being anything but pure Hollywood. Nor, with the exception of Florence Westley's excellent portrait of the Frankfort matriarch, does the suggestion of Judaism in the house of Rothschild go more than skin-deep. Such minor considerations, however, are lost in the engrossing business of a financial genius at work, in well-directed and vivid crowd scenes, and a general atmosphere of big issues at stake. The picture ends in a burst of Technicolour, a sort of apotheosis of wealth, as if mere black and white could not be expected to do justice to the hour of Nathan Rothschild's triumph.

Little Mab Lawrence, aged twenty-two (DOROTHY HYSON; left), demands the hand of Robin Herriot (IAN HUNTER) in marriage, from his wife, Sylvia (MARIA NEY; right). Robin, who feels embarrassed about all this, is shown proportionately small.

Walt Disney's sequel to "The Three Little Pigs" is a gem that no one should miss. Entitled "THE BIG BAD WOLF," it sends the practical little pig to the rescue of Red Riding Hood. Disney's delicious invention prompts the Wolf to disguise himself as a wood fairy in an attempt to hoodwink the heroine and her escort, the Foolish Pigs. Anything funnier than the Bad Wolf, suspended from a tree by his own braces, in coy emulation of the Pantomime Fairy Queen's classic flight, I cannot imagine.

W. S. Van Dyke's direction of "MANHATTAN MELODRAMA" (Empire) gets every ounce of dramatic value out of the problem of public duty in conflict with personal inclination, developing the theme vigorously against a shifting background of violent disaster, riot, sport, and politics. This is the story of two friends, left destitute in their boyhood by double catastrophe, and clinging to their friendship despite the parting of their ways, which leads one to the position of State Governor, the other to the electric chair. The latter, gangster and killer, commits a murder in order to silence the voice of scandal on the eve of the Governor's election. Even the knowledge of his motive and the appeal of the woman whom both men love cannot wring from the Governor a commutation of the death sentence which he, as Public Prosecutor, has secured. The drama should end in the condemned man's cell, where the gangster prevents an eleventh-hour wavering on the part of his friend and goes to the chair with nothing but admiration for an integrity his own life has lacked; but, despite an anti-climax and some poor attempts at comic relief, the picture is in the main forthright and arresting. Its grip is tightened by the sincerity of its interpretation by Clark Gable, William Powell, and Myrna Loy.

There are no women in the cast of "THE LOST PATROL" (Plaza). Based on Philip Macdonald's novel, "Patrol," from which a silent picture was made some years ago, it repudiates the theory that to be successful a film must contain a romantic element. It is the story of a patrol of British cavalry lost in the Mesopotamian desert during a guerilla campaign of the late war. One by one the troopers are picked off at long range by the Arab foe they never see, so that when at last relief comes, only their indomitable Sergeant remains to tell the tale. Though from the moment that their horses are stolen in the night we feel that the little band is doomed, the tension remains taut as we wonder who will be the next inevitable victim to the sniper's bullet.

For each of the men is a distinct type, reacting characteristically under the intense strain, some meeting death with a joke, others losing all self-control. The two principal parts are played by Victor MacLaglen, who gives a fine performance as the Sergeant, showing how capably he can handle a serious part; and Boris Karloff, as a religious fanatic, an impressive study in the macabre—though perhaps one which hardly suggests the British soldier. Reginald Denny as a gentleman ranker and Wallace Ford as an ex-acrobat develop lesser rôles to the fullest extent, and the realism of the desert settings helps to emphasise the grimness of the story.

Here is an incredible love-affair from "TOUCH WOOD," at the Haymarket. Vera Berridge (ORIEL ROSS) stills the beating of her too tempestuous heart at the approach of her adored McCrossan (FRANK PETTINGELL), a heavy Scottish libertine and building contractor.

Our lists of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page XII.

RUNNYMEDE PAGEANTRY IN THE MAKING.

The PAGEANT OF RUNNYMEDE COSTUME FILM BALL took place last week. The Court Jester (MR. WILLIAM RELLIE) is here offering a cigarette to MRS. WILLIAM RELLIE and MRS. GREVILLE ALLEN, who play the parts of two Queens.

"Charles II." is watching one of the ladies of his Court drive off! Actually, our photograph shows MR. COTTRELL, who plays the Merry Monarch in the Runnymede Pageant, enjoying a game with MISS CHARLOTTE STUART, in a rehearsal interval.

MISS NORAH LASCELLES, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Francis Lascelles, will play her ancestress, Mary Tudor, Duchess of Suffolk, in the Runnymede Pageant.

The statement that Miss Norah Lascelles has a "Tudor face" is proved by a comparison of her photograph with this reproduction of a portrait of Queen Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII. and niece of her ancestress.

MISS PEGGY GORDON-MOORE picked up her crinoline and ran when on her way to the rehearsal of the Pageant of Runnymede Costume Film Ball.

MISS PEGGY GORDON-MOORE wore this magnificent black velvet Victorian evening dress at the Pageant of Runnymede Costume Film Ball.

VARIATIONS BY NELSON KEYS AND FLORENCE DESMOND.

MISS FLORENCE DESMOND'S highly diverting impersonation of Miss Mae West is called "Mae-time."

MR. NELSON ("BUNCH") KEYS appears in many well-contrasted characters in "Why Not To-night?" at the Palace. He is here thanking God he's an Englishman!

MR. NELSON KEYS makes a charmingly mild clergyman.

This is "BUNCH" KEYS' version of the famous Laurel, of Laurel and Hardy.

FLORENCE DESMOND'S version of Claudette Colbert is an admirable impression of the famous star, complete with her fringe.

All the nice girls love a sailor—especially when the Tar in question is MR. NELSON KEYS imitating Jack Hulbert.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

Ronald Firbank.

The twentieth century can already boast many greater writers than Ronald Firbank, but few who have pursued their art with a more disinterested and single-hearted passion. A less didactic author never lived, and we may suppose that he was as chary of giving advice to himself as to his public; but all the same he wrote as though the motto, " This above all, to thine own self be true " was never out of his thoughts. His originality may easily be exaggerated; the spirit of the 'nineties lived on in him; his " point of view " (only he would have repudiated the possession of such an attribute) was derived from Oscar Wilde, Aubrey Beardsley, and the rest. " I like his pictures, they are so exquisitely unreal," says the Queen in " The Artificial Princess," and the remark might have been made by almost any character in one of Wilde's plays. The artificiality, the naughtiness, the continual use of innuendo, the ever-present wish to shock, the determination never to appear pompous, serious, or heart-felt about any subject which a Victorian reader would have approached in a spirit of reverence—all these characteristics are to be found in Firbank as in his predecessors of the Æsthetic Movement. Like them he delighted in silliness, in trifles, in paradoxes—not verbal paradoxes, like Wilde's, but conscious reversals of accepted standards of value and importance.

An Impressionist in Literature.

But in spite of his derivations he is still a most original writer. The cadences of his prose, for instance, as carefully arranged as phrases in music, are his own; as is his whole method of writing, of translating thought into words. He used impressionism as a means of fusing into one iridescent whole all the various materials of the novelist's art. The setting, the action (or the inaction), the words, thoughts, and sensations of the characters are all inter-dependent; abstract and concrete seem like different aspects of the same thing, the distinction between the subjective and the objective loses its force. And Firbank achieves this harmony without doing violence to the traditional uses of language, as Gertrude Stein does. He is nearly always intelligible; and when he is not, it is because, in his terror of stating a fact too baldly, he has made a jump in the sense too wide for his reader to follow. No doubt he takes a perverse delight in being elliptical and allusive; a good deal of his humour depends for its effect on being apprehended gradually. Many of his jokes would shrivel if exposed to the broad daylight of direct statement; quite a few never emerge from the dusk of suggestion and innuendo in which he clothes them. But even his obscurities add to the imaginative effect of his work. His world of kings, queens, princesses, courts, and intrigues has rather the same relation to reality as the fairy-story world, and anything that tends to obscure the frontier between fact and fancy strengthens the illusion.

" The Artificial Princess."

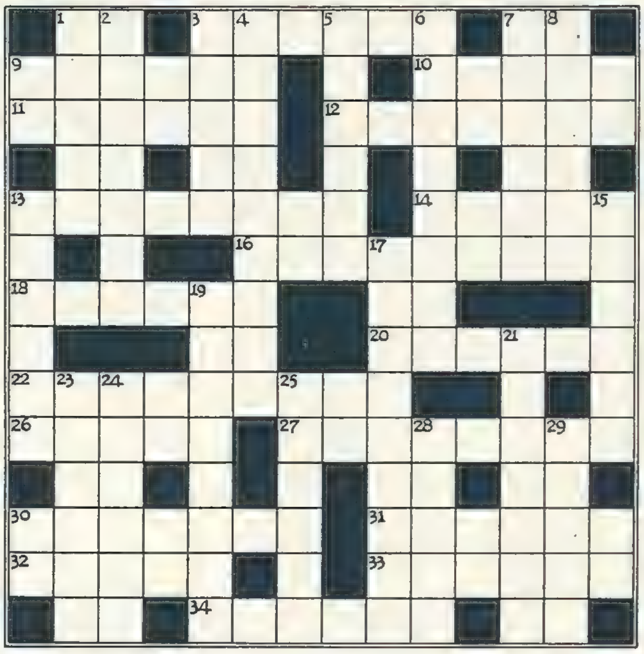
" The Artificial Princess " is a story belonging to Firbank's middle period, and his reasons for not publishing it in his lifetime are not quite clear; perhaps he wanted to escape the charge of self-plagiarism, for he had used the earlier book as a literary quarry for " Vainglory." It is not one of the best of his books. The narrative interest, unusually strong at first, peters out: the story sighs itself away in cock-crows and stars and dots. But it is full of delicious and lovely things, and will make a welcome addition to the " Firbankia " of devotees. How charming is the description of the Mistress of the Robes, " who was considered intellectual (she had written several volumes white-washing famous Sinners . . . .) "—

> Flushed to the colour of a Malmaison, she was looking conspicuous in silver tissue and diamonds, her long train spread, shimmering, over the steps behind, with the exquisite restraint of a waterfall in a poem. Above, from the fortifications of a lofty tiara, an Ostrich feather fluttered in her hair, as from a Citadel. What radiancy! The Moths caught themselves in her crown and beat their soft wings against the crystals on her gown; with a scream she felt their cold caress upon her throat and breast. . . . The Ambassador, bending gallantly over her, removed them one by one.
>
> " He is taking liberties with her before all the world! " murmured those who did not understand.

Firbank will, I suppose, always be caviare to the general. Even those who admire his work may find themselves not in a humour to enjoy it, and be put off by its superficial silliness, flippancy, and triviality. One should not read it in a hostile or even a critical spirit; the full flavour of Firbank's genius will only yield itself to the sympathetic and, one may say, the indulgent reader. But to those who know it, it is indeed an exquisite pleasure; and to those who do not I recommend " The

[Continued on page x.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

3. One too many before you drive home, and it may not save you!
9. No one can say this is a crime, if the good man keeps his head.
10. What the lost sheep did. Not the—er—black one, of course.
11. All you need here is a breather, but of course, if your Latin is backward, you 'll recognise the thin plate.
12. First-rate, golfers *don't* think!
13. Live a very dull life. Still, the gallery can't be ignored.
14. These are supposed to be unlucky; perhaps because you 've got nothing to put before your friends.
16. It flows along 'appily enough, but it 'as to stop at the village.
18. Better not lash it, even if it *is* a bit over-due.
20. Religion, you see, is in them.
22. How glorious this is! It makes you spend about a pound, and what 's left is belonging to us.
26. There used to be elks in Ireland, but this is the only species you 'll find now.
27. This happens when the sea hasn't enough aptitude for rising.
30. Making things smooth before nightfall.
31. Like a dog? You 'll have nine before you 've done!
32. To do so is hardly to produce complete belief, is it?
33. You can't more than one gear, though it *has* got a silencer!
34. Hair at the back of the head means strenuous work.

DOWN.

1. Pity that this house should have to be acquired by crooked means.
2. Is she always Irish? Well, she 's mostly over the water.
3. When you see snakes and a bit more, naturally it makes you talk big.
4. And when you see most of Uncle on top of a shed, it looks as if something had been let slip!
5. What to do with a lady shrimp. It does create a fuss, though!
6. This looks a bit fishy, too. It ought to make you ashamed of yourself.
7. When you spell it like this it means *double* harness.
8. In sight of " the River." You can reach it if you proceed from the south-east.
13. " An arrival is expected." Can you find the luggage?
15. Even golfers can't describe this *properly*, so they try to describe an arc instead.
17. Delights. They let you in, though.
19. These are nothing special, but every washer-woman believes it.
21. If you can get in it to begin with, well, you 'll have something to begin with.
23. This must be Psmith's psweetheart, and quite a nice bird, too!
24. These ought to show where you 're going, so there 's no need to raise Cain inside.
25. What would happen if this wild ass got wilder? The answer is not a *lemon*!
28. There 's not room for all the inhabitants of Europe here: just enough to sound their praises.
29. It *is* dull, now that H has left the boat.

NOTE. Two-letter spaces are regarded as unchecked letters, and clues are not given.

A VALUABLE PRIZE FOR THE SOLUTION OF OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLES.

Owing to the great popularity of our weekly Cross-word Puzzles, we have decided to give a prize of £2 in connection with each, until further notice. To the sender of the first correct solution of this puzzle which is opened on Monday morning next, June 4, we shall give a prize of £2.

RULES: A "Sketch" Cross-word Puzzle Coupon (published at the top left-hand corner of page VIII) must accompany every solution; with the name and address of the sender clearly filled in. Envelopes must be marked: "Sketch" Cross-word. The Editor's decision is final in all cases, and it is understood that all entrants accept this rule. Owing to official regulations, readers in Scotland and in the United States of America cannot enter for this award.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD.

A TRIPLE WINNER ON LOOKS.

MISS DANIA BARRIGO has done the hat-trick on looks. At the age of seventeen she was Beauty Queen of Denmark; she then won the first prize for the best figure in André Charlot's Beauty Competition, and rounded off these successes by taking first prize in the Health and Strength League Competition. She is dancing in the film production of "Chu Chin Chow."

FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SIR GUY CAMPBELL, BT.

Interlude without Respite.

This week I am writing far from the madding crowd in my green Sussex retreat. When I last saw it, the orchard blossom was just breaking, a white dazzle of cherry and pear, with the faint flush of apple between. Now the bloom is over, but the laburnum and wistaria are here, flying their gold and purple bannerets to the kindly west wind. It is the interlude, all too brief, between the Ladies' Open Championship at Porthcawl and the Amateur Championship at Prestwick, when one would fain forget golf and all its vagaries. That, alas! "mauna' be," but one may justly be grateful for a quiet moment in such a setting, in which to review the first without considering the second of these two great annual events. Thanks to a deal of really sound play, we have successfully defended one, and I hope this may prove a good omen for the other, which will have been decided by the time you read what I have written. But after St. Andrews, and with the whole American Walker Cup team, reinforced by Jesse Guilford, the "Siege Gun," in the lists against us, I am not over-sanguine.

The Ladies' Open Championship.

For me, the Ladies' Open Championship was a most interesting week. The Ladies' Golf Union is a great institution, a generally benevolent if "whiles" a stern autocracy, extremely well organised and conducted. Therefore I knew its choice, of course, would be a happy one. And so it proved, for a better or more testing battle-ground could hardly have been found, and the golf was worthy of it. I will be excused if I say that for me the outstanding event of the meeting was the golf and eventual victory of Mrs. Andrew Holm, for by it the Cup returned to Scotland for the first time since Mrs. Dorothy Campbell Hurd won it as Miss Dorothy Campbell in 1911, and for the first time in its story through the prowess of a West of Scotland player. All through the Championship Mrs. Holm progressed quietly and efficiently, culminating with a truly great exhibition in the second stage of the final round, in trying weather and against a young, brave, and accomplished opponent. So hats off to Mrs. Holm.

Miss Pam Barton.

But for most who followed the golf through four exciting and often surprising days of wind and weather, the "big bang" was the début and subsequent form of Miss Pam Barton, of Royal Mid-Surrey, the seventeen-year-old runner-up. She had already impressed such experienced golfers as had seen her at Ranelagh and elsewhere. This, however, was her first appearance in a National Meeting, and in it she acquitted herself in every respect like a veteran and a master. She is certainly a discovery, and a player who is likely to prove a pillar of strength to British ladies' golf for years to come. For those who had not the good fortune to see her, she is a compactly built girl with the temperament and genuine smile of the happy warrior. Her swing is wide, slow, and controlled. She has power, pluck, and pertinacity, and seldom have I seen the ball so smoothly or unhesitatingly hit on the greens. In the final round she offered a marked contrast to the slim and taller figure of Mrs. Holm, whose simple-looking, leisurely swing disguised both power and accuracy. At the end Miss Barton was beaten only by a disposition as admirable as her own and by great play, for Mrs. Holm, in half a gale of wind, completed thirteen holes of a really difficult links in an average of fours. Compston, therefore, should be proud of his young pupil.

Other Impressions.

Yet, for all this memorable final, it was a curious meeting, full of surprises that hardly suggested what was to come. By the time the third round had been decided, Miss Molly Gourlay, whose great 74 in the second round of the qualifying stage established her as a likely winner; Mrs. Garon, Miss Jessie Anderson, the holder of the Girls' Championship; Miss Wanda Morgan, Miss Diana Fishwick, Mlle. Aline de Gunzbourg, Miss Mary Johnson, Miss Amory of America, and Miss Kathleen Garnham had been beaten, and all too soon one heard murmurs, such as "The Championship 's a flop," "Nothing to wait for now," and the like. For those bloodthirsty individuals who doubtless longed for the double challenge of America and France in the later stages, I suppose what happened was a disappointment. Yet I confess I was relieved when Miss Barton holed a six yards putt for a four at the long seventeenth, to beat Mlle. de Gunzbourg, a graceful and really good player; and Miss Ellis, the daughter of an illustrious father, holed one as good and courageous to dispose of Miss Amory on the nineteenth green. Miss Amory, very tall and slim, may not be quite so impressive as some of her countrywomen who have visited and frightened us, but she was improving as she went, and might well have proved a grave danger in the end.

A Great Links.

And lastly, a word on the Royal Porthcawl Links. I paid my first visit to it some six years ago, and realised at once that, with seventeen holes in full view of the sea, here was marvellous golfing ground, only requiring the hand of the artist to give a course of Championship class to Wales. Early this year Tom Simpson was "let loose" upon these Elysian Fields, and he has used them kindly, with an unerring eye and a sure touch. Even now, with the picture not quite complete, it is golf of the best, where the tiger will always be tested and the rabbit never unhappy. When the final brushwork has been put in, I can honestly say it will be a masterpiece.

PERSONALITIES OF THE AMATEUR GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP, played at Prestwick last week, are lined up in Mac's caricature group, as if watching. MR. STANLEY LUNT, the English Close Champion, is seen near the centre. Next to him are MR. ERIC McRUVIE and MR. JACK McLEAN, the only two British Walker Cup players who won their match in the foursomes against the U.S.A. MR. G. DUNLAP, MR. J. FISCHER, MR. J. WESTLAND, MR. W. LAWSON LITTLE, and MR. J. GOODMAN were all American Walker Cup players.

CARICATURES BY MAC.

CLOTHES BREATHE BRAVE GAIETY OF SPRING—STOCKINGS, THE DULLNESS OF DECEMBER

Cannons of Hollywood

Made at Woolton by Howard Ford & Co., Ltd., of London & Liverpool.

Dress by Fenwick • Hat by Joan

the stockings are **Bear Brand**

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"AND I was at the dinner myself," The Broker recalled. "Hamilton had sold a million tickets of a pound each; the Stock Exchange sweep had beaten the Calcutta; Sir Ernest Wild, the Recorder chap, you know, was one of the guests——"

"How did you come to be there?"

"Gate-crasher?" suggested The Jobber affably.

"I was there because old Ham. asked me, if you 're bound to know. Charity got ten per cent.—a hundred thousand pounds, without any deduction—and nine hundred thousand went in prizes."

"All the expenses were paid out of the deposit interest that the bank allowed on the money paid for the tickets. This interest more than covered the expenses, and left a bit over. Nobody made a personal penny out of it. And on the night when your precious Labour Government stopped the Stock Exchange sweepstake, I bet that Charity cried herself to sleep."

"There 's one this year, surely?" said The City Editor.

"Yes; but it hasn't gone to the public like the big ones did. Mostly confined to House men and their personal friends——"

"Don't forget bank clerks."

The Broker laughed. "No, I won't," he promised. "This year's total is over thirty thousand. Jolly good effort, too."

"And the expenses?"

"Negligible. I tell you, when there 's no profit being made, the ratio of expenditure is amazingly low." "The big sweeps gave us no end of trouble, and some people in the House were thankful when they came to an end. But they weren't bad fun, after all, and they made a good advertisement for the Stock Exchange. Nowadays, you 're afraid even to give a man a ticket."

"Most of us have the same instinct. It 's a bad one, as a rule. Better to forget all about the previous deal, and to regard a new one as something quite fresh."

"You 're right so long as the markets are on the rise. Otherwise you may yourself get badly left."

"Markets have been on the rise for the last twelve months or longer."

"Some of them have. Not Foreigners, though. Or foreign railway stocks. It is the mining markets——"

"And industrial."

"And several others, that have gone ahead so kindly for us. Some of the rises, as compared with prices a year ago, are almost incredible."

"Almost as incredible," affirmed The Merchant, "as the fact of my having missed so many chances of making a fortune."

"We 've all missed chances. You must shrug your shoulders and be thankful at having missed some of the losses."

"Hark to our Financial Philosopher! Oh, boys, hear him!"

"I can understand gold-mining shares going up. That 's because of the rise in gold. But why should our industrials have gone ahead as they have done——?"

"And are still doing."

"Obviously. Yet the British Government and other gilt-edged stocks keep extraordinarily strong. What 's the meaning of everything being so topsy-turvy? Are we all mad?"

"Everybody 's queer," quoth The Broker, "except thee and me, and even thee is a little queer sometimes."

"No; but, Brokie, tell us. What *is* the reason for prices being so good? There must be some definite cause."

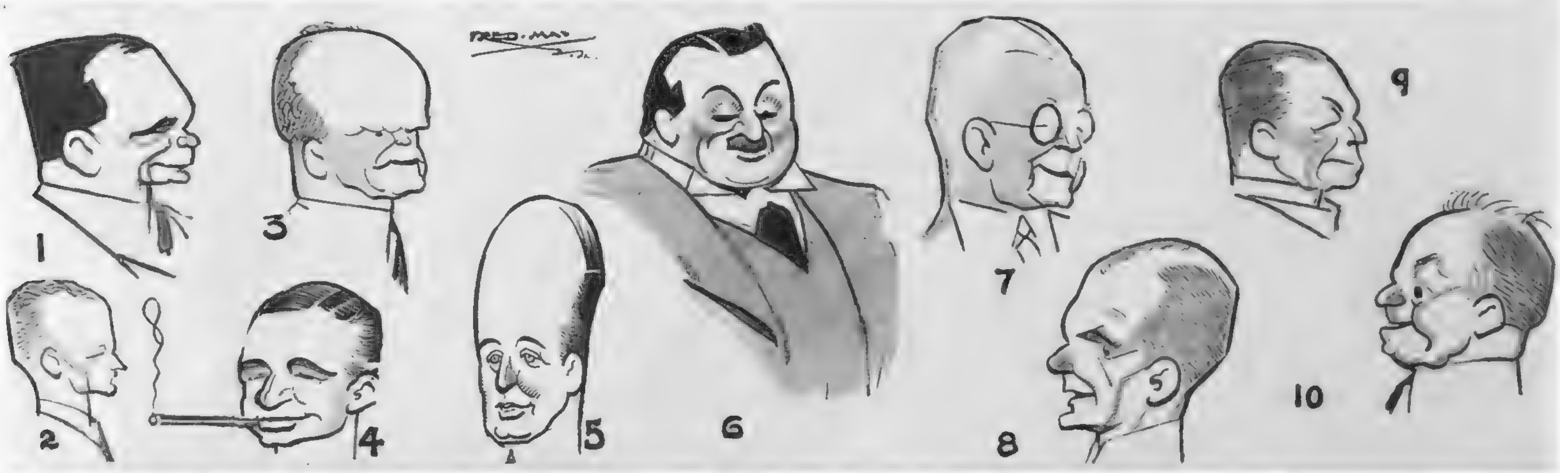
"Yes," agreed The Broker, "of course. And equally of course, we British, being British, shut our eyes to what isn't the done thing."

"Oh, don't be such a mysterious ass! What isn't this done thing?"

"It isn't the done thing to recognise, in plain speech, that your country is the best and the safest and the most secure and the most dependable in all the world."

"Need we talk about that?"

"There you go! You call me names for objecting to wearing your heart upon my sleeve——"



The granting of a Royal Charter of Incorporation to the INSTITUTION OF STRUCTURAL ENGINEERS was celebrated by a formal luncheon last week. (1) MR. H. BERRY, A.M.I.Mech.E., Chairman of the Building Acts Committee, L.C.C., responded to the toast of the guests; (2) MR. H. R. H. GRAY is an active member; (3) MR. EWART S. ANDREWS, B.Sc., M.Inst.C.E., is the President-elect; (4) LT.-COL. J. BALDWIN-WEBB, D.L., M.P., is a live member of the Institution; (5) MAJOR R. F. MAITLAND, O.B.E., is the hard-working secretary; (6) MR. ERNEST BROWN, M.C., M.P., Secretary for Mines, who made a very clever speech, presented the Charter to the President of the Institution, (8) MAJOR A. H. S. WATERS, V.C., D.S.O., M.C., M.Inst.C.E. (7) MR. EWART G. CULPIN, F.R.I.B.A., M.T.P.I., J.P., is Vice-Chairman of the L.C.C.; (9) MAJOR C. H. HEATHCOTE, T.D., is one of the earliest members; and (10) MR. LAIDLAW SMITH is another prominent member.

"Saves a lot of disappointment," remarked The Engineer, evoking no general assent. "What 's going to win?"

The names of eight horses were promptly supplied. The Jobber added one over the eight as being a dead certainty.

"All my certainties are dead before they get to the post," The Broker complained. "Horse-racing is worse than Stock Exchange speculation for letting you down."

"It 's just as risky a gamble as gardening or golf."

"Or matrimony."

"Then what shall we back in the Stock Exchange?" enquired The Merchant. "Hasn't anybody heard anything straight from the horse's mouth?"

"Amalgamated Dental deferred——"; and the others flatly refused to believe that this was unconscious witticism on The City Editor's part.

"They 're very good shares to have, however much you laugh," he defended. "More of an investment than a speculation, maybe. Not so dramatic as aircraft shares, of course."

The Broker started talking of the wonderful chances they had missed by not following his advice to jump into the aviation market.

The Compartment declined to let him get away with it. "The rises are due to no special foresight on your part," The Engineer frankly told him. "They are due to a Government programme that hadn't developed when you happened to be tipping the shares, and it is no more than sheer luck which has brought your prophecy home."

The others looked at him with the quiet surprise which men feel when one of their number speaks with unwonted seriousness.

"Why this thusness?" inquired The Jobber. "I thought you were a holder of Faireys."

"I was, and I cut a loss on them just before the rise began."

"A complete and adequate explanation," laughed The City Editor. "Still, it is rather hard to make poor old Brokie the victim of your exasperation. Why don't you buy them back?"

"Can't bring myself to come back at a higher price into shares that I sold too soon."

"For asses to bray at," said The Engineer contritely.

"All this national assurance makes for confidence in our own stocks and shares, trade and industries. That same confidence leads to such further faith that home trades are encouraged with supplies of capital——"

"People spend more money all round."

"Are girdles coming in, don't you think?"

"A little slimming wouldn't hurt you, dearie. But have I made it plain that the confidence everyone feels in this country is the real reason why prices are so high and all investment stocks are dear?"

"You would have thought retail prices must have followed. Things are pretty cheap in the shops, though. Very cheap, compared with America or some parts of the Continent."

"We 've had all this out before. I 'm told that prices are going up, in a quiet sort of way, and that it 's just as well to lay in what you want while you have the chance on a low basis."

"What do you think of these Brick companies?" asked The Merchant.

"London Bricks are tip-top. Sussex deferred are a good lock-up, and I hear the Yorkshire Brick Company is doing very well."

"I like my old favourites in the motor market. The statistics of car production are very convincing. The companies must be having the time of their lives."

"My fancy runs on Dunlops. Wonderful concern, that. You can see it by the last balance-sheet."

"Wish my rubber shares would give some signs of inflation. Restriction doesn't seem to be much use at present. What 's to be done? Now, don't tell me to buy any more."

"That 's what I was going to tell you."

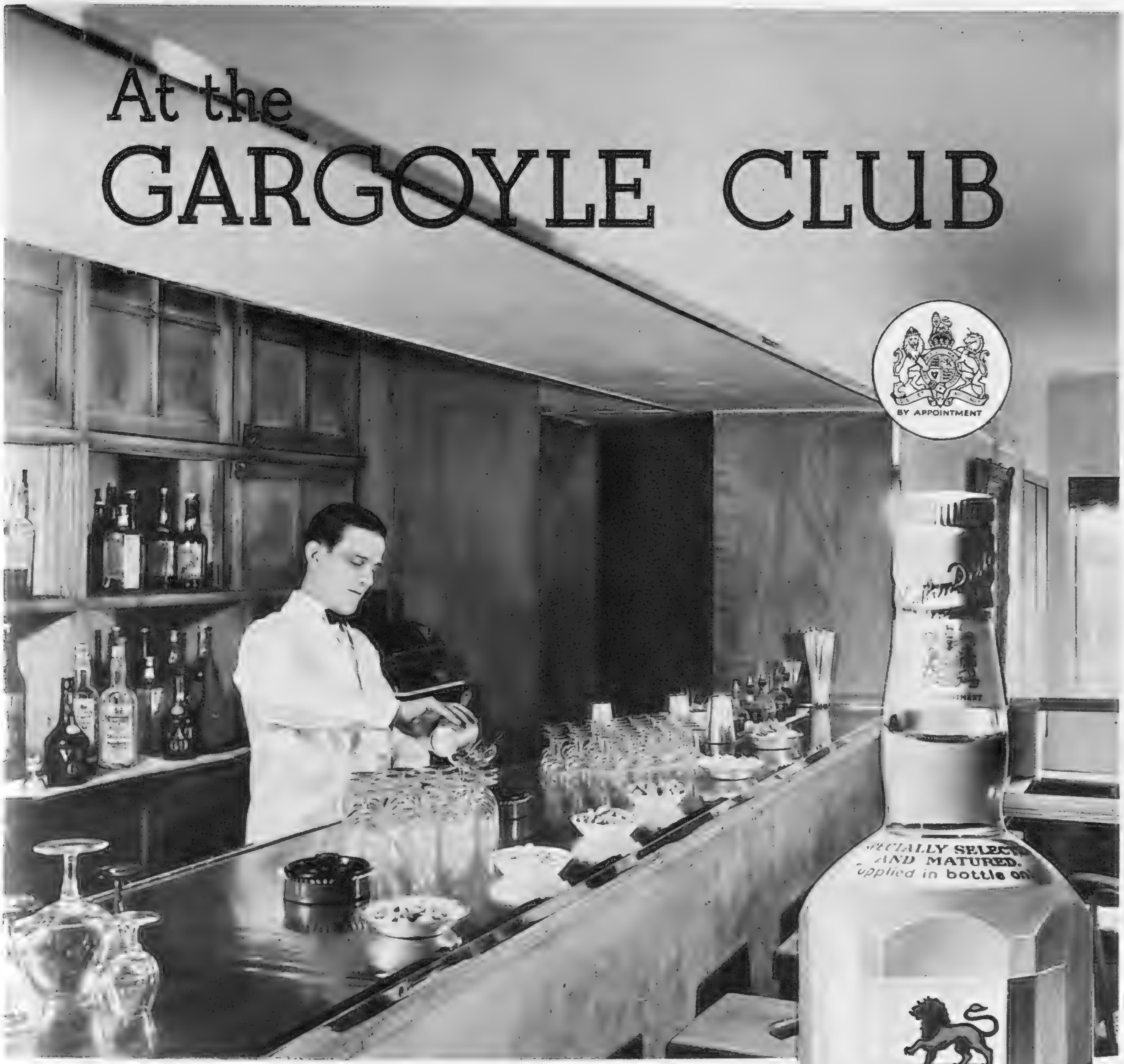
"Which shares?"

"Keep to the marketable ones. When you have Allied your Trust to Anglo-Dutch, you might lay in a few Eastern Sumatra, London Asiatic, and Merlimau. What do you say?" He turned to The Jobber, just preparing to alight.

The Jobber stepped on to the platform, closed the door, and—

"I should Serdangly Linggi a little longer," he said. "Cheerio, chaps!" *Friday, May 25, 1934.*

At the GARGOYLE CLUB



The Gargoyle Club has Peers and modern Painters on its distinguished List of Members. From roof garden to ground floor of the club there is colour and design to please conservative and advanced taste—including pictures by Henri-Matisse. There is an old English dining-room, a variety of delicious meals from luncheon to supper, a mirrored ball-room—and a lounge where George at the Bar knows how to make cocktails to please all tastes. He uses Booth's, the only matured Dry Gin.

Real Cocktails begin with

BOOTH'S The Only Matured DRY GIN

JOHN EVERARD

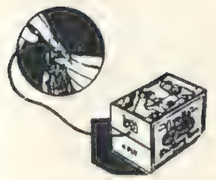
Not to feel romantic in the picturesque hats that are being made for Ascot would argue an almost complete lack of feeling for clothes, for they are so gay and so wickedly flattering that meeting one's dearest enemy becomes a real pleasure!

The model photographed on the left is made of knotted strands of black organdie, the shallow crown just veiling the hair, and the wide brim casting the softest of shadows across the face. It comes from Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street, London, W.

THE SKETCH DIARY OF FASHION

EDITED BY OLIVE CALEY-SMITH

'VIYELLA' Regd. KNITTING YARNS



'VIYELLA' Regd.
unshrinkable

'RAMADA' Regd.
Superfine
Pure Wool

'VISYLKA' Regd.

'LAICADA' Regd.
Superfine
Pure Wool

'SUNYA' Regd.
All Wool

'DAENITE' Regd.
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'SILKOOL'
Pure Silk
and Wool

Knit one, purl one, MAKE ONE — the new easy way to chic! 'Viyella' has the fashion points you crave. And 'Viyella' Knitting Yarns exactly match 'Viyella' fabrics.

DAY & NIGHT WEAR

VIYELLA HOUSE PRODUCTS

WILLIAM HOLLINS & CO. LTD., VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM, AND AT LONDON, PARIS, NEW YORK, TORONTO, MELBOURNE, AND WELLINGTON, N.Z.

ASCOT

To see, and to be seen—that is what Ascot means to the majority of women, for it is the greatest fashion parade of the year.

Created by Lucile Paray for just such an occasion, the ensemble on the left is made of navy faille with bands of white organdie at the hem and bordering the square neck, where it is pulled out into points at the corners. Similar bands are carried across the front of the little cape-coat and twisted to form a tiny sleeve, the back being absolutely plain.

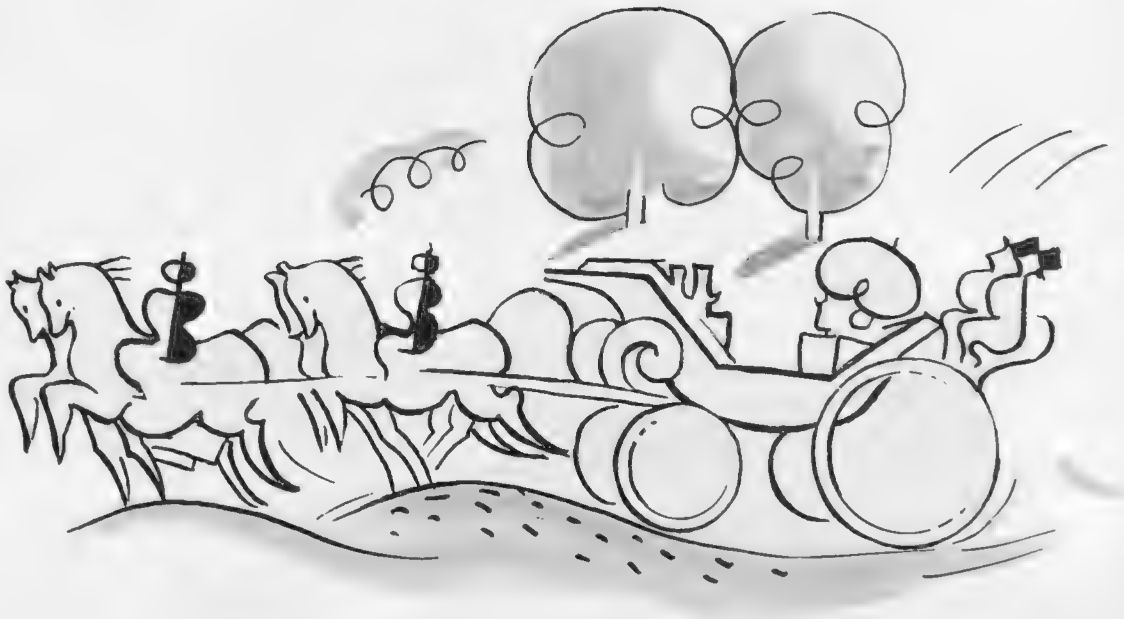
This outfit can be copied at Harrods, of Knightsbridge, for 12 guineas, and there can be no doubt that it would have a long and useful life, for it would be ideal for summer evenings after its first grand appearance.

PARADE

CANNONS OF HOLLYWOOD

Choosing a coat for garden parties is always rather a problem, but it is one that can be solved most successfully at Harvey Nichols, of Knightsbridge. The graceful wrap photographed above comes from them. Made in heavy black silk georgette, it has cleverly draped sleeves gauged round the armholes, and it falls in slender lines to the feet. The collar is of stranded sable dyed squirrel, beautifully worked to emphasise the width of the square revers.

Worn over a dress of printed crêpe-de-Chine such a coat would prevent that anxiety about the weather which so often spoils one's most eager anticipation. The large black hat has a shallow crown of beige lace, three rows of which form a halo beneath the brim.



MOTOR DICTA. By H. E. SYMONS.

THE TALBOT "SEVENTY-FIVE."

THERE are a few cars which I look upon as old friends, taking the wheel gladly when it is offered to me. Amongst them is the Talbot "Seventy-five," a well-tried model which has altered little, while improving quite a lot, in the last three or four years. I like the Talbot because its looks and its performance satisfy me, and because it always feels so reassuringly safe. At its price it is, in my opinion, without a peer. It is a sound all British job, with the verve and stamina of a Continental sports model.

The other day my old friends Pass and Joyce, the Talbot distributors, asked me if I would like to take away one of the latest "Seventy-five" Sports Saloons, equipped with radio, for a long week-end. I accepted gladly; as I have said, I always enjoy driving a Talbot, and I wanted to test for myself the merits—or demerits—of a built-in car radio-set. So on a perfect May morning we set off betimes, crossing and recrossing the Thames until we left it at Abingdon, and, speeding through Witney, breakfasted in the old stone town of Burford. Then we meandered through pleasant places, continuing eventually to Stratford-on-Avon, and later to see some motor road-racing at Donnington Park. In all, we covered some 500 miles; some at speed, with the needle fluttering at the "eighty" mark; and some gliding softly through sleepy Cotswold villages.

What struck me most about the Talbot "Seventy-five" was its really amazing liveliness, coupled with the utmost refinement. Here is no harsh, prone-to-pink sports model, but a smooth-running and silent touring car. The engine runs without fuss on ordinary petrol, though perhaps Ethyl, which costs no more, may give slightly more "pep." That the engine of only 2276 c.c. should develop enough power to propel a full-sized four-seater saloon car at nearly 80 m.p.h., and a mile a minute on third gear, and yet remain refined and silent, is a matter on which the designer, Mr. Georges Roesch, deserves every congratulation. As with the engine, so with the chassis. It is gently sprung, as befits a touring car. It rides softly at low speeds over pot-holed roads. Yet at really high speeds it holds the road like a leech, and provides a degree of riding comfort that must be experienced to be believed; and all this without monkeying about with the shock-absorbers or tyre pressures.

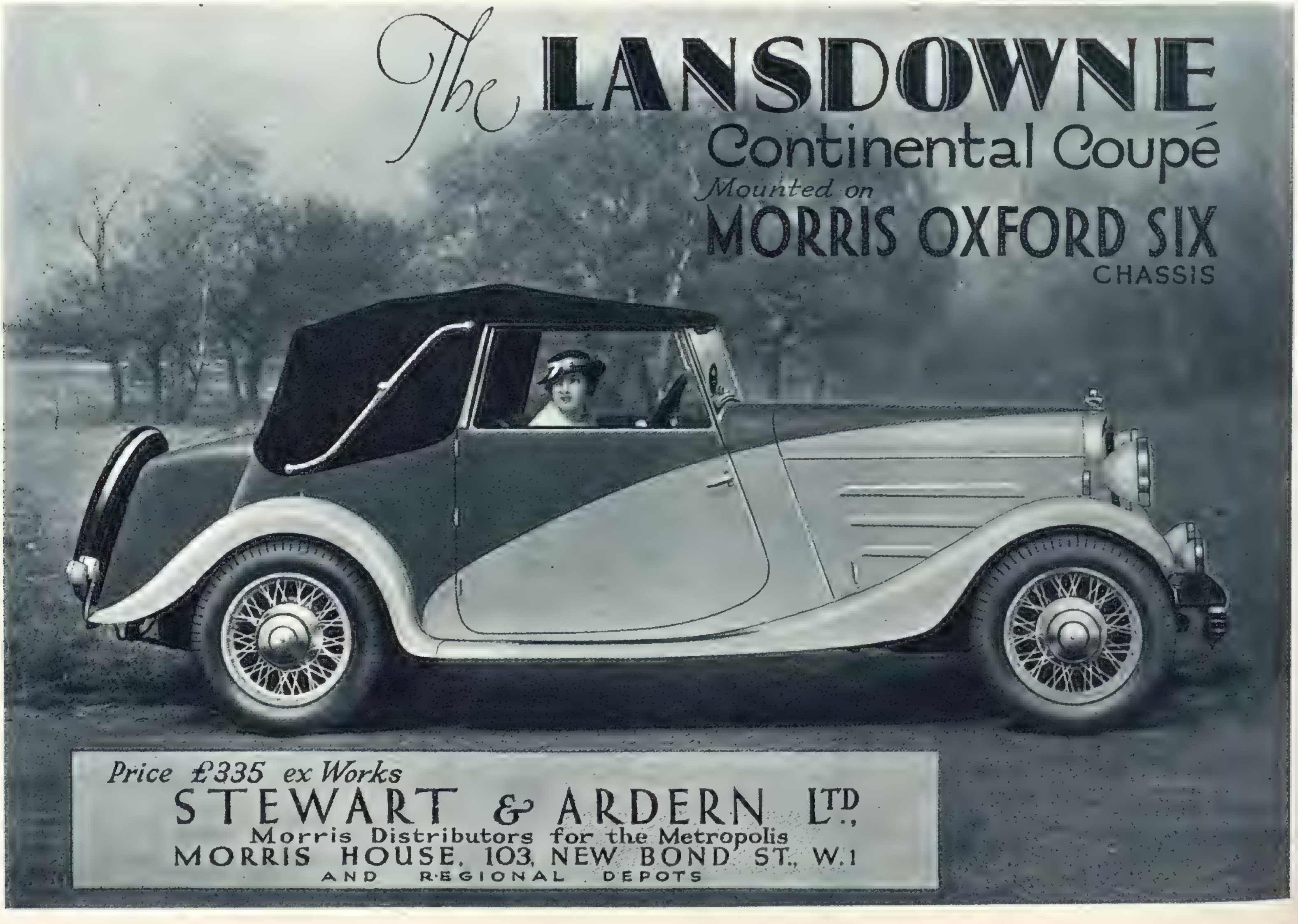
The Wilson-type preselector gear-box affords something rather amazing in the way of acceleration, for it is the only type of transmission with which one can actually gain speed, instead of losing it, while changing up. The self-changing gear-control, mounted on the steering column, is so handy, too, that one uses it more than one would the orthodox gear-lever. Consequently one changes down more frequently for hills or to overtake slower vehicles, and unconsciously, without effort, puts up average speeds which, on most cars, it would be difficult to equal without taking risks. In emergencies, this type of gear provides a useful checking and steadying medium, particularly on a rough or slippery road.

The Talbot, as I have said, always feels very safe. Not only its perfect road-holding, but its excellent brakes, contribute to this feeling of confidence. All the controls on the Talbot operate positively, and call for little effort on the part of the driver. The steering is pleasant and accurate, though I felt that I would have liked just a little more castor-action when travelling at really high speeds. The coachwork of the sports saloon I tried was the ordinary standard job. It was well made and beautifully finished; the seats, upholstered in soft brown leather, were ideally shaped to give the maximum support to the thighs and back, without spoiling the well-arranged driving position. Pass and Joyce, Ltd., of course, supply special bodies for those who require something a little more expressive of their individuality.

I mentioned at the beginning of this article that the car was equipped with wireless. This was the Philco Transitone set, which sells at the very moderate figure of 16 guineas. It is completely protected from interference by the electrical equipment of the car or of neighbouring vehicles. I am not one of those ether-combers, so I cannot tell you whether it is possible to get America or South Africa or China. But I can vouch for the fact that one can get most of the big European stations. If one feels spring sufficiently in one's blood and wants to "go gay" (as I confess that I did the other night), one can seek out a deserted lawn at one or two o'clock in the morning, and can go on dancing long after the Saturday night dance-bands of London have ceased to play.

Radio on the car is, I think, something of a distraction. If one has much fast driving to do, it is better to switch it off. Certainly it tends to spoil one's average speed, for with a good wireless one is inclined to drive more slowly, so as to enjoy the programme. In dense traffic it is a boon. "Music hath charms . . ."—you know the rest. It stops impatient horn-blowing and lulls one into a feeling of genial tolerance with one's fellow road-users. I think wireless on the car has come to stay, and in a little while a manufacturer who does not provide for its fitting will be out of date.

To return to the Talbot. Considering it costs only £495, it represents amazing value. It is a beautiful engineering job, and the coachwork is of a similarly high quality. If you want to try a British family-sized car at its best, go to the showrooms of Pass and Joyce, Ltd., at the corner of Princes Street and Hanover Square, and ask for a good run in the six-cylinder Talbot "Seventy-five" Sports Saloon.



PETER ROBINSON

477.—Dress and Coatee of Washing Silk. The sleeveless dress has a high neck-line. In the season's colourings. Sizes: S.W., W. - - - - **98/-**

Shady Straw Hat trimmed with Petersham. In black, white and all the season's colours - - - **29/6**

476.—Tailored Cardigan and Skirt in Linen Tweed. The coat has a detachable silk scarf in contrasting colours. The skirt has panel pleats back and front. Sizes: S.S.W., S.W., W. **98/-**

Becoming Hat in fine Straw, trimmed with Petersham ribbon - - **35/-**

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whilst based on the latest fashion, introduce many exclusive ideas in line and detail.

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are all rich quality, pure wool cloths in a wide choice of new patterns and colourings.

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—cutting, fitting and tailoring—are the best work of the best West End workmen.

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ABBOTT and Eve

Shoe whispers from Paris come to Eve through Abbott's ten Paris Salons. The faintest murmurs of changes in fashion are recorded in terms of shoes—not only in Paris but all Abbott's London shops.

No. 35. "GARBO" Noisette Glacé Openwork Oxfordette 19/9
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AND AT ALL ABBOTT'S BRANCHES

CHIEF PARIS SALON AVENUE VICTOR HUGO Près du Bois.

Beautiful down to her finger-tips

HOW frequently it is said, "Yes, she's very beautiful, but—." It is the attention to the minute details which counts, and a girl's hands are an infallible guide. You must be beautiful—right down to your finger-tips—and there is no better way to ensure this than by the use of the famous "Kraska" Nail Polish, which is used by Royalty. "Kraska" is easily and instantly applied, withstands the action of soap and water, yet is speedily removed by "Kraska" Polish Remover. It is most economical and by far the best polish for the nails. Every bottle includes brush for application.

"KRASKA" POLISH REMOVER instantly removes polish. Just a touch and then wipe off. 1/-

"KRASKA" CUTICLE REMOVER. Supplied with patent cuticle extractor. 1/- and 1/9

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Prices 1/-, 1/6, and 2/6 per bottle. *In 1/6 and 2/6 sizes only.

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"KRASKOL" for under-arm hygiene. Odourless, safe, antiseptic; a preventive of perspiration evils. 1/- and 1/6
"KRASKA" Nicotine and Ink Stain Remover, for keeping the hands free from unsightly stains. 1/- and 2/-

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of KNIGHTSBRIDGE
FASHION SPECIALISTS

Harvey Nichols' Model Hat Department is famous for inspired style and beauty. Come and see its new collection of lovely, becoming and exclusively designed hats for

ASCOT

YOU WOULD like to be admired in this new, feminine hat of shadowy, black crinoline. It's bound with a heavenly shade of pale blue moiré, and posed with a cluster of silken, blush-pink rosebuds - - - - - **$3\frac{1}{2}$ gns.**

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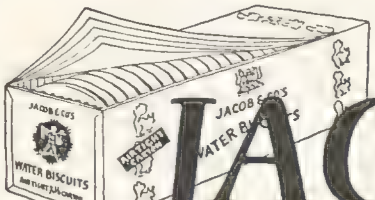

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(See Page 406.) 30/5/34.

BROWNING ON BRIDGE: DLVI.

THE LEAD OF FOURTH BEST.

HERE is the complete distribution of the hands in the problem set two weeks ago, when A's and B's hands only were given—

SPADES—A, Kn, 9, 8, 7.
HEARTS—Kn, 8, 2.
CLUBS—A, Q.
DIAMONDS—Q, 10, 9.
B

Y		Z
SPADES—Q, 10, 5.		SPADES—K, 6, 2.
HEARTS—Q, 10, 6, 4, 3.		HEARTS—9, 7, 5.
CLUBS—K, 3, 2.		CLUBS—5, 4.
DIAMONDS—8, 7.		DIAMONDS, K, Kn, 6, 5, 4.

A
SPADES—4, 3.
HEARTS—A, K.
CLUBS—Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6.
DIAMONDS—A, 3, 2.

A was playing three no-trumps. Y led the four of hearts, and A won with the ace. It was a duplicate affair, and in both rooms A led clubs, put up the ace in dummy, and returned the queen. Both Y's held up the king, and so far the play was perfect on both sides. Now note: game here is a dead certainty—why? Thanks entirely to the opening lead of fourth best, which is amusing after (as I said last week) the attempt to refute my assertion that the lead of fourth best against no-trumps is definitely wrong. The four of hearts being the opening lead, and the two of that suit being in evidence, it follows that Y, at most, held but five hearts. One A made use of this invaluable information, and after the club queen led a heart from the table, thus making certain of his game. He cleared out the king of clubs, and allowed Y to run off his three good heart tricks; then A made the rest. But the other A failed to take advantage of what Y so kindly had told him about the heart lie, and after the queen of clubs trick apparently funked the heart lead, and thought it safer to get back with the ace of diamonds, and that then, after the king of clubs had gone, he was sure to get in again with his heart king. But Y was too clever for him—he played perfect defensive bridge by taking a chance on diamonds as the only hope of saving game. Thus, after winning with the king of clubs, he led his diamond, and Z took four tricks in the suit and put AB one down.

There is no doubt about it. That fourth best lead is a bad lead. Here is what was said years ago in these notes: "Once in twenty times the lead gives partner the opportunity of doing a little mental arithmetic, and then of taking a finesse that he should have taken in any case; but in every single case the lead helps declarer to make his contract—more often than not it makes his contract a certainty."

The sort of example we are asked to swallow about this fourth best and eleven rule lead is this. At no-trumps, A leads the *eight* of hearts. Dummy's and B's hearts are—

10, 6, 5, 3.
(Dummy)
8. A — B Kn, 4, 2.
(Player)

Now, eight from eleven leaves three. Therefore, by rule, player can hold but one card higher than the eight; B, having worked this out, lets the eight run up to player's high card, and eventually AB make three tricks in hearts and save the game. Had B *not* applied the rule of eleven, he would have put the knave of hearts on his partner's eight, and so established the ten in dummy. Fancy that! But B, without any arithmetic and with one little jot of card-sense, would have played small to the eight anyhow—if not, he should take to marbles or darts and leave bridge alone. Actually, the eleven rule was invented or discovered and made applicable for the game of whist. However useful it may have proved at that game, it has no place at a game like bridge, with one hand exposed.

SOLUTION OF CROSS-WORD PUZZLE, MAY 23.

ACROSS.—1. Bobbed. 5. Charmed. 10. Roadside, 11. Screw. 12. Sunshine. 13. Kismet. 14. Narrate, 15. Druid. 16. Treasure. 20. Adjudged. 23. Mains. 25. Idiotic, 26. Scummy. 28. Accolade. 29. Suing, 30. Lifeline. 31. Streaky. 32. Framed.

DOWN.—1. Brisket. 2. Banns. 3. Eschews. 4. Digit. 5. Cemented. 6. Absurd. 7. Recurred. 8. Eventide. 9. Dawned. 17. Readjust. 18. Announce. 19. Rascally, 21. Uncover. 22. Dry-eyed. 23. Missus. 24. Stigma. 26. Scoff. 27. Maxim.

MRS. C. M. BALFOUR, 10A, Symons Street, Sloane Square, S.W.3, was the sender of the correct solution of the Cross-word Puzzle published in our issue of May 16 to be first opened on Tuesday morning, May 22. A cheque for £2 has been forwarded to her.

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 406.)

Artificial Princess," and beg them not to let the impatience which many feel at the spectacle of all this frivolity wantonly disporting itself interfere with their enjoyment of what is really a work of literature.

"Red Macaw." "Red Macaw" is the account of a century of slavery in Brazil, seen (as it were) through the red and angry eyes of a macaw, a very long-lived bird and, like the slaves, a captive: but happily, treated more humanely than they. If any one has lingering doubts as to whether slavery may not have been a good thing, they should read Miss Haggard's story. However unsatisfactory the present position of negroes in America, it was certainly worse before the emancipation—that is, if José was a typical slave-owner. He is a sadist and delights in cruelty; but one cannot help wondering whether he is a true representation of his class and order; whether, in condemning slavery through him, Miss Haggard has not loaded the balances, as Harriet Beecher Stowe did (though in a less degree, for she also portrayed amiable slave-owners) when she invented Simon Legree. "Red Macaw" is well named; for the book is dyed scarlet with the blood of slaves.

Nature and Human Nature. Its merit does not lie in its narrative, which is episodic rather than coherent and cumulative. One does not feel much interest in the characters, and often one has to look twice before one can tell who is speaking—a human being, or Arára, the macaw. Such a sentence as "Find the little lice!" might come equally well from either, in such a society as Miss Haggard depicts. Vocabularies are limited; ideas almost non-existent. The slaves (when not put to lingering and fearful deaths by José) continue to exist and even to multiply: one cannot imagine how. One's chief preoccupation, as the story proceeds, is that José shall meet an end in accordance with his deserts. Miss Haggard does not quite gratify her reader's bloodthirsty mood.

She is not a sentimentalist, though she makes us so. Her interest is as much in nature as in human nature. Her attitude is not quite the attitude of the macaw, but it shows some of the same indifference to the lot of human beings, some of the same fatalistic acquiescence in the procession of the seasons. It would be difficult to imagine a more direct, detailed, vivid, imaginative picture of life in the tropics than hers. Miss Haggard has absorbed the landscape as completely as she has absorbed her period; the scene and the figures that people it are in perfect harmony. "Red Macaw" is a work of art as well as an extremely original novel. It makes one concession to melodrama, in the nature and practices of José; otherwise it is a sober and convincing picture of the bad old times—times which, in spite of their badness, have a certain romantic glamour.

"This Way to Heaven." Mr. Caradoc Evans loves to expose the sins of sanctimonious and self-righteous persons. "This Way to Heaven" gives him ample scope for his particular form of satire. Ben Tugard and Jasper Sowell, "male brands plucked from the burning bodies of women in jail" follow the path of commercial enterprise surrounded by characters for the most part as astute and unscrupulous as themselves. There is a noteworthy dearth of amiable persons in the book; they are a set of Chadbands, oily, avaricious, hypocritical. Their careers are neither very pleasant, nor very easy, to follow. Mr. Caradoc Evans, like Mr. Firbank, has evolved a technique of his own. His style is crabbèd and elliptical to a degree. But his brevity seldom (I think) achieves the wit it strains after. Here are some of Grinley's aphorisms—

Of the women's garments he said: "You need be half man and half woman to deal with women's underclothes."

Of the socks: "A poor man is left-minded and he doesn't buy necessities but luxuries."

Of the charity clothes: "You don't sell your coat to buy again."

Of the dolls. "You can't expect the mother of ten to look kindly on a doll."

Of the jubilee handkerchiefs: "Poor people don't blow their noses on royalty."

Of the Bibles: "Bibles are not meant to be read. That's why they're so atrociously printed. If they were read there would be a slump in church stock. Their ugly covers frighten children and soft-wits to death. There's no article of furniture more difficult to get rid of than a Bible. If you use it as packing-paper you might just as well drown yourself. You've got to be well-to-do to be an atheist. If you burn it—well, a chap would sooner burn his mother than his Bible which he can't read and wouldn't if he could."

This is not the way people talk; and I do not think that the laboured ingenuity compensates for the unreality. Mr. Caradoc Evans is a writer of talent, capable, upon occasion, both of wit and poetry; but in "This Way to Heaven" he wastes his talent in displays of rather arid cleverness.

[Continued overleaf

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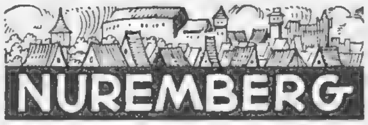

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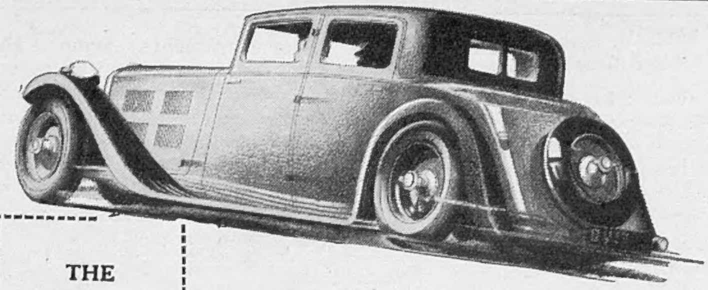

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Continued.]

"Red Greed." "Red Greed" is full of excitements. Some of them come from familiar sources: a financier living on the Riviera; his beautiful but reckless daughter, Tillita Baring, heir to his fortune; a designing demi-mondaine (Georgette), the rich man's mistress and also the accomplice of a gang of criminals whose leader is Chamorin, a Bolshevik of attractive manners and a heart (this is an innovation) much less hard than one would expect. Still, it is not the materials that matter, but the way the novelist handles them; and Miss Marion Roberts has made a thrilling, if not wholly credible, story out of the kidnapping of Tillita Baring.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Artificial Princess. By Ronald Firbank. (*Duckworth; 6s.*)
Red Macaw. By Phœbe Haggard. (*Cape; 7s. 6d.*)
This Way to Heaven. By Caradoc Evans. (*Rich and Cowan; 7s. 6d.*)
Red Greed. By Marion Roberts. (*Eldon; 7s. 6d.*)

To be able to read of events of world-wide interest is but a poor substitute for being in the centre of them, for seeing for oneself what is happening, and for absorbing the atmosphere in which they are born. This is the day of Youth in Germany—but allied to the urge and interest of the present and the future is the age-old charm of the past. To travel there is to gain a true perspective, for the beauty of the scenery, the picturesque nobility of her ancient buildings, and the deep sincerity of the Passion Play at Oberammergau form a link with her eager acceptance of all that is modern and progressive. Nor has one to sigh for a magic carpet, since Thos. Cook and Son are virtually providing one for only £20. They have arranged a tour which lasts for fifteen days and covers 2200 miles. Berlin, Dresden, Munich, Oberammergau, Heidelberg, Nuremberg, and Cologne are places where nights are spent, and the fact that seats are provided for the Passion Play gives some indication of the forethought and comfort that await all those who embark on this adventure. One can leave London on July 14, 28, Aug. 11, 25, or Sept. 8, and an illustrated pamphlet may be obtained from any office of Thos. Cook and Son, or any other travel agency.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"MAN OF ARAN" (New Gallery).—For its magnificent photography and fine natural acting.

"THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD" (Tivoli).—George Arliss at his best in the drama of the Rothschilds' rise to power.

"ROMAN SCANDALS" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Eddie Cantor makes whoopee in ancient Rome.

"PÊCHEUR D'ISLANDE" (Academy).—Pierre Loti's famous book brought to the screen.

"FLYING DOWN TO RIO" (Regal).—Fred Astaire and Dolores del Rio in spectacular musical comedy.

"THE SCOTLAND YARD MYSTERY" (Rialto).—Exciting British "thriller," with the late Sir Gerald du Maurier.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"THE SCARLET EMPRESS" (Carlton).—Marlene Dietrich.

"RAPT" (Curzon).—A drama of village feud, with fine Swiss mountain scenery.

"MANHATTAN MELODRAMA" (Empire).—Drama of duty *versus* friendship, well acted by Clark Gable, William Powell, and Myrna Loy.

"THE LOST PATROL" (Plaza).—The last stand of a British desert patrol.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"TOUCH WOOD" (Haymarket). 8.15.—Another triumph for C. L. Anthony. Cast, acting, and production first-rate. Marie Ney, Flora Robson, Ian Hunter, Dorothy Hyson.

"THE LATE CHRISTOPHER BEAN" (St. James's). 8.30.—Comedy. Cedric Hardwicke, Edith Evans, Louise Hampton.

"THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME" (Queen's). 8.40.—Satirical comedy; with a marvellous part for Marie Tempest.

"ESCAPE ME NEVER" (Apollo). 8.30.—Variation on the "Constant Nymph" theme, to display Elisabeth Bergner.

"REUNION IN VIENNA" (Lyric). 8.30.—By Robert E. Sherwood; with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt.

"CONVERSATION PIECE" (His Majesty's). 8.30.—Yvonne Printemps and Pierre Fresnay—a sparkling combination in Regency Brighton.

"TEN-MINUTE ALIBI" (Phœnix). 8.30.—Thriller. Robert Douglas.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"SIXTEEN" (Criterion).—8.30. Whimsical drama, brilliantly acted by cast including Owen Nares, Muriel Aked, and Antoinette Cellier.

"THE GOLDEN TOY" (Coliseum). 8.15.—Gorgeous Asiatic spectacle on a triple revolving stage.

"WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?" (Palace). 8.30.—Revue. Brilliant mimicry by Florence Desmond and Nelson Keys. Greta Nissen, Gina Malo, and the Diamond Bros. also helping.

"LABURNUM GROVE" (Duchess). 8.30.—Edmund Gwenn excelling himself in J. B. Priestley's ingenious crook-comedy.

"CLIVE OF INDIA" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—Leslie Banks as the hero.

"MR. WHITTINGTON" (Hippodrome). 8.30.—Musical comedy with dandy Jack Buchanan, Elsie Randolph, *et al.*

"THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Ambassadors). 8.30.—Wicked Restoration wit. George Grossmith, Lesley Wareing, Athene Seyler.

"SPORTING LOVE" (Gaiety). 8.30.—Laddie Cliff and Stanley Lupino in a rollicking show; good music and dancing.

"INDOOR FIREWORKS" (Aldwych). 8.30.—Light; very amusing back-chat. Fay Compton and a strong cast.

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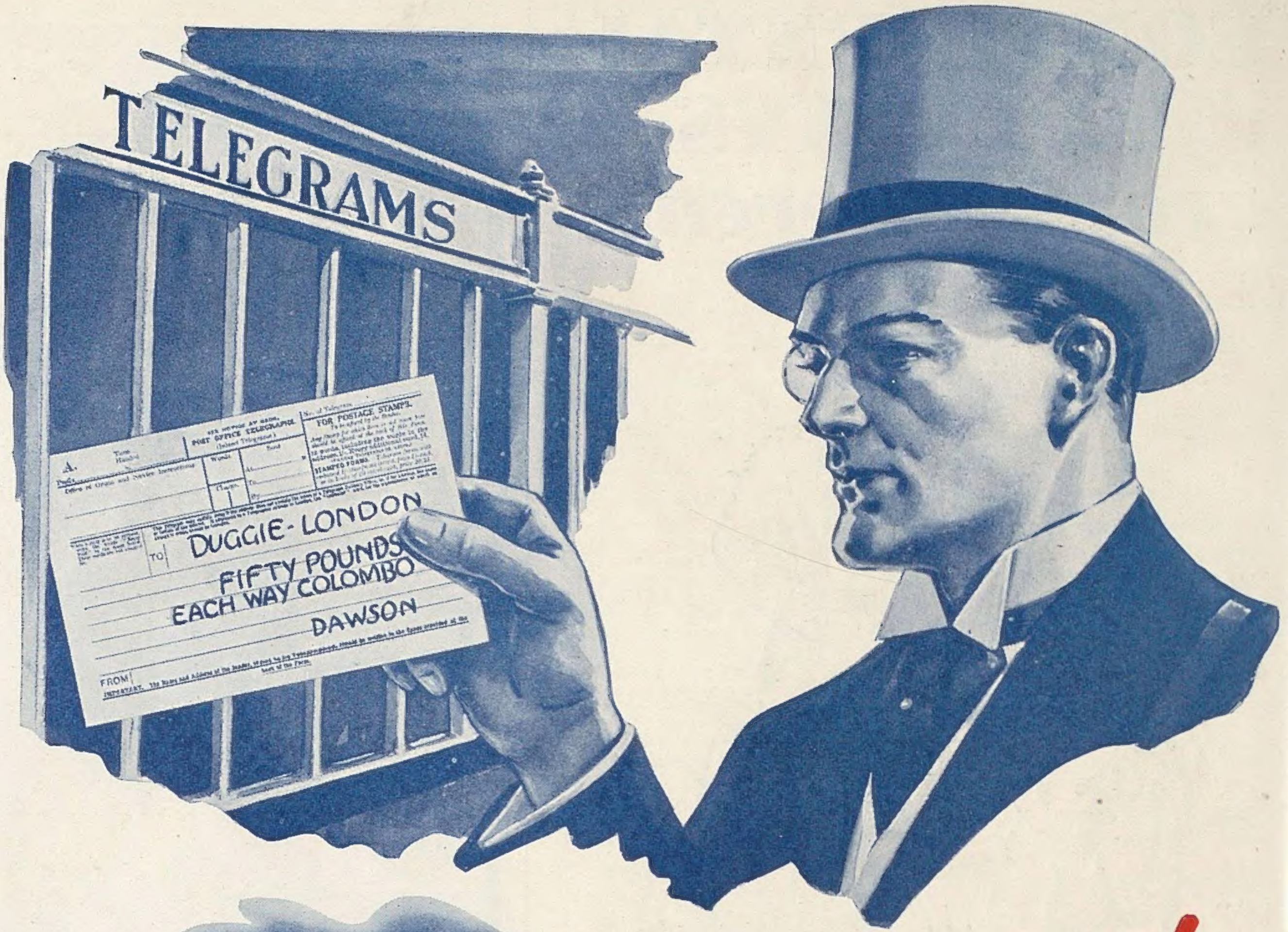

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